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MARSHALL FIELD, THE CHICAGO MERCHANT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Whether treated each one as an individual production or generally as a class, HARPER'S PERIODICALS represent the highest types of American literary and illustrative work. When on the part of many whose profession it is to cater to the reading public there is a tendency to meet more than half way a taste which is by no means healthy, and coarse matter is provided, garnished with bad pictures, the blunting of the artistic sense is of small moment when compared with the abasement of the moral one. Never have the publishers of the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, the BAZAR, or YOUNG PEOPLE lowered that high standard which was assumed in their first numbers. Modifications and improvements have of course followed, until to-day it is difficult to conceive how they could be bettered. Looking at the literary side alone, the best-known writers at home and abroad contribute to these publications. For the proper presentation of subjects pictorially, leading artists furnish their designs, to be translated by wood-cuts or process, whichever method shows better the illustrative idea. A column eulogistic of these publications might be written, and would barely suffice to specify their many singular merits. It must be at least satisfactory to the publishers to know that wherever English is the language in use, there a MAGAZINE, a WEEKLY, a BAZAR, or a YOUNG PEOPLE bearing the imprint of Harper & Brothers is read. There are other triumphs than "the drum beats" which circle the world.—*N. Y. TIMES, March 8, 1891.*

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No. 1787.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATION IN TINT, ENTITLED "THE JUNCTION OF BROADWAY AND SIXTH AVENUE," DRAWN BY W. H. CRANE.

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A BANTERING BANQUET.

THE recent dinner of the Federal Club in New York was a striking illustration of the joyous skill with which clever men can toy with a difficult situation. With the airiest grace they took the bull by the horns, and apparently proposed to frisk with the sullen brute in a jolly hornpipe. The Republican party having sustained an unprecedented defeat, the revellers assembled to proclaim in a merry vein their entire satisfaction, and to insist, evidently "over the left," that the party cure lay in the hair of the dog that bit it. The prominent figures at the dinner—Mr. REED, Mr. LODGE, Mr. DEPEW, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and General WOODFORD—may be safely taken as representative of the best Republican spirit and drift. Besides the distinction of their personal character, they are classified by previous political independence with the Republicans who would restrain rather than stimulate party excess. Several of them have had their independent "outings," although, as beseems returning prodigals, they are now very severe upon vagabond mugwumps. But nevertheless their Republicanism must be regarded as the most liberal and progressive, and in what they approve, the voter who has been anticipating "reform within the party" may see what Republican success promises. The speeches at the dinner were set in the highest key of fun, because they implied that the recent course of the party proved it to be the best of all possible parties in the best of all possible worlds. England after Waterloo was not more exultant than the chaffing Federal orators after the late general elections. With gay temerity and charming audacity, they declared that all promises had been kept and all pledges fulfilled, and that everything which the most intelligent Republicans desire and approve is the actual party policy.

Never was better jesting or pleasanter persiflage. It was the true way to treat the occasion. With rollicking recklessness the roistering DEPEW may be said to have "put the bead" upon the effervescent eloquence by gravely declaring that the President had redeemed all the engagements of the platform. But the fun was fast and furious when with resistless humor he again capped the climax by exclaiming that when a Republican attempts to apologize for the measures of his party he is like a religionist trying to explain why he believes in the decalogue. He does not impair the decalogue, but ruins his own position. In the language of the street, the sportive chiefs of the feast "went the whole hog," and in the frolicsome spirit of the occasion hilariously praised the entire party performance, and agreed in re-echoing chorus that the present spirit and policy and leadership must be still more resolutely maintained if the happy country is to be still more fortunate and happy. This was the pleasant fooling of intelligent men unbending. We say fooling, because it is not to be supposed that it would be taken seriously by those Republicans who believe, with GARFIELD and the Chicago *Tribune* and other leaders, in a tariff which tends to free-trade, who regard a force bill as unwise, who think that promises of reform should not end in a partisan ravage of the civil service, who believe that the virtual purchase of high office is not the way to honest government, and that a party majority in Congress should do the work that it was elected to do, and not try to piece itself out with the minority—intelligent Republicans who are perfectly aware that the party tendency and leadership which the dinner orators so humorously praised are repudiated by Western Republican Senators and by the Republican majority in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The irrepressible Mr. DEPEW, bent to the last upon his joke, amid "tremendous and enthusiastic cheering," rejoiced that the party of LINCOLN and SEWARD and CHASE is the party of HARRISON, MCKINLEY, and REED. This was all the more droll because it is a Republican Senator who has just said in effect that the party of LINCOLN and SEWARD and CHASE was overwhelmed at the last election by the leadership of HARRISON, MCKINLEY, and REED. The witticism has a keener edge from the universal consciousness that if the party of LINCOLN and SEWARD and CHASE and SUMNER and ANDREW were unchanged, the enthusiastic and intelligent youth of the country, full of conviction and patriotism, would vote to-day as their fathers voted, and old Massachusetts, the vanguard of Republicanism, would still "roll up her magnificent Republican majorities," instead of electing a Democratic Governor and Democratic Representatives in Congress. Only great masters of humor could evoke "tremendous and enthusiastic applause" from Republicans by declaring that the great party which was so long triumphant because it represented the moral convictions and patriotic principles of the country continues unchanged in the party which, no longer representing those convictions and principles, has encountered a "tremendous and enthusiastic" and unprecedented defeat.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE PRESIDENCY.

WE have already said that Governor HILL'S purpose to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency next year must be taken seriously. The WATTERSON letters and interviews and articles would establish the fact, if it had not been pretty plain before, and Mr. WATTERSON is now reported as saying, what has also been equally plain for some time, that while Governor HILL may not be able to secure the nomination, he is quite able greatly to perplex the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. The argument which Mr. WATTERSON adduces in his *Tribune* interview, that if the Governor had decided to support Mr. CLEVELAND nothing could have prevented his own success in obtaining the nomination in 1896, probably does not seem so strong in Albany as it does in Louisville. Governor HILL undoubtedly remembers that the Democratic candidate in 1868, '72, '76, practically in '80, in '84, and '88, came from New York, and that the proposition now is that he should come again from New York in '92, and again in '96. Possibly he doubts whether by that last year the strain might not be excessive. Possibly, also, he understands himself and the secret of his own political success, and doubts whether his peculiar "holt" upon his party would leave him in '96 just where he is now.

In politics it is a far cry to a Presidential nomination five years in advance, and the advice to an ambitious man, already in the most advantageous position for his purpose, to give way to another in order to succeed him after four years, especially when it comes from one who is known to prefer the other, is not very persuasive. Governor HILL is in complete control of his party machine in New York. He knows that the electoral vote of New York will be considered indispensable by the Convention. He carried New York as Governor when Mr. CLEVELAND failed to carry it as President, and Mr. WATTERSON, who advises the Governor to step aside, asserts strongly that he did not carry it by any betrayal of Mr. CLEVELAND. The Governor also has just shown by the circumstances attending his election as Senator that his supremacy of leadership is uncontested. The question, therefore, which Governor HILL probably asks is, why should a party leader in such a position in the crucial State yield to another who has been proved to be weaker, and who is also a defeated candidate for the Presidency?

We are stating what we suppose to be Governor HILL'S view, not our own. He can never hope again to be so strong politically as he is now. His hold upon the situation lies solely in the fact that he controls the party machine in the important State, and he will continue to control it until the nomination is made. His possible nomination does not depend upon himself, but upon the situation. That is to say, he is not a real leader in the sense that Mr. CLEVELAND is, and that Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. SEWARD were. If he should "throw up his hand," in what is to him a game, and say that he would retire into the Senate and support Mr. CLEVELAND, he is too shrewd to expect that party gratitude would nominate him in 1896, because party gratitude does not nominate Presidents. He could not now abandon his aim without a practical confession of miscalculation that would be fatal to him, although it might not be so to another man. He will therefore probably persist in his purpose, and, as we said, he can seriously perplex the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND, because, although Mr. CLEVELAND is apparently the choice of his party, as Mr. SEWARD was the apparent Republican choice in 1860, the Convention will not dare to risk party division in New York

UNANIMOUS REFORMS.

A YEAR ago Governor HILL, of New York, sent a message to the Legislature in which he recommended an amendment to the State Constitution transferring the decision of contested legislative election cases from the Legislature to the courts. The message contained a compact and admirable historical review of the course of the British Parliament upon the subject, and it was one of the best acts of the Governor's administration. At this session Senator SAXTON, whose name is happily associated with the reformed ballot law, introduced an amendment in accordance with the Governor's suggestion, and it has been approved with entire unanimity in the Assembly, and with but eight dissenting votes in the Senate. There can be little doubt that it will be approved by the next Legislature, and then ratified by the people. One of the most desirable changes, commended by experience elsewhere, will thus have been adopted almost by common consent, and the credit of the suggestion will be very largely due to Governor HILL.

In the message which expresses his gratification with the action of the Legislature the Governor alludes to another recommendation made by him last year, which also deserves the prompt and favorable consideration of the Legislature as a further provision for honest elections. This is an extension of the Corrupt Practices Act to require political committees and agents to file statements of their expenditures in the same way which is required of candidates. This is a measure which has been long desired by all friends of honest elections. If a sworn statement of the expenses of State and county and district committees were to be filed and published, a great deal of the present crookedness of elections would be corrected. It would be exceedingly interesting to see a statement under oath of Messrs. QUAY and DUDLEY and BRICE of the manner in which they spent the money that was raised both by Republican and Democratic WANAMAKERS during the last Presidential election. The principle of the provision recommended by the Governor is that of letting in the light, which is the best possible police. It is like requiring the abolition of screens in saloons, and opening the traffic at the bar to the public gaze. Great sums of money, entirely transcending any legitimate needs, are raised at every important election. What becomes of it? How is it spent? That is what the public wishes to know. Undoubtedly a law requiring a sworn statement would be evaded. There would be a great deal of trickery. Dishonesty would not be altogether prevented at elections. That is true. It is also true that laws punishing theft do not altogether abolish stealing. But such laws are found to be very useful.

The Governor, wrapped in his reform robes, makes still another suggestion to promote pure elections. He proposes *quo warranto* proceedings by any candidate for the ousting of a successful competitor where bribery can be proved. The present law, indeed, imposes severe penalties for fraud, and disfranchises persons convicted of bribery. But the Governor thinks that juries would find a verdict in civil actions which would oust a man from his office for fraud when they would not convict of crime upon the same evidence. The law has reduced greatly the opportunity of selling votes, and has stigmatized the improper use of money by candidates; shall it now oust them when they have illegally secured an election? The Governor asks the question, and all good citizens will answer yes. His suggestions and the action of the Legislature show how steadily and surely an intelligent community repair the defects which time and practice reveal in their political system.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

THE investigation of the recent railroad tunnel accident in New York has shown that there is necessarily a great deal of "running for luck" in such an enclosure. The trains pass every few minutes, and it is impossible to keep the tunnel free of smoke and steam, and as it is not lighted and the reverberation is incessant, the chance of not seeing a warning light or hearing a warning sound is very great. If to this chance be added the average of the "law of disorder," which disturbs the normal operation of all warn-

ing sights and sounds under the most favorable circumstances, the risk of the tunnel is evident. The true remedy is also evident. It is to open the tunnel. But this is supposed to be practically hopeless, because of the protest of property owners and the enormous depreciation of value which would follow. This might make opening the last alternative to be adopted, but it ought not to exclude it from consideration. Nothing must take precedence of regard for human life in providing for every kind of transportation.

With the facts now disclosed it is not easy to see how suitable protection can be afforded to trains which follow each other into the darkness so rapidly. Mr. DEPEW is unquestionably correct in holding that even if the natural humanity of the officers of railways did not incline them to take every possible precaution for the protection of life, their pecuniary interest would induce them to do it. He is also correct in thinking that a great deal of newspaper criticism and censure upon railroad management is more emotional than wise. When a frightful disaster occurs, the feeling that somebody is to blame is instinctive. But generally only very careful inquiry can decide who and what is responsible for the calamity. The moment investigation begins, the conflict of honest testimony reveals the folly of a snap judgment. There is a large proportion of railroad accidents to which the word guilt is wholly inapplicable. Yet while this should not prevent the strictest scrutiny, it should prevent the vehement expression of ignorant opinion and denunciation. A railroad officer, even although he may be rich, is not necessarily an enemy of the human race.

The part played by the car stove in the late catastrophe is thought by the coroner's jury to be unquestionable. Honest railroad men differ upon the comparative peril of different methods of heating. Mr. DEPEW argues that steam-pipes are more dangerous than a certain kind of stove designed to heat water to pass through pipes. A break in a pipe, suddenly filling a car with steam, he thinks, would destroy at once every person in the car. But this is not so evident as that a stove full of burning coals would certainly destroy a car in which it should be overturned among the ruins. This is an incident so ghastly and so common that it has produced an indignant public demand for the prohibition of such stoves in cars. But we do not recall a single case in which the break of a steam-pipe in a car has destroyed life. If there are such instances they are very infrequent, and cannot be cited as against the notorious and constant horrible results of the stove. The present investigation, the verdict of the jury, and the bailing of directors are all excellent, because they concentrate public attention upon a most important point. Directors of railways may be unable to do more than to select experts for the details of management. But that is an enormous responsibility, because they are responsible to the public for the ability of the experts whom they select. They undertake to see that the public is transported safely, and in the event of disaster the public ought vigorously to inquire not only whether the result was due to expert negligence or ignorance, but, if it were, how such negligence and ignorance came to be placed at the critical point.

SENATOR CLAGETT AND THE MORMONS.

A RECENT statement in the WEEKLY regarding the election of Judge WILLIAM H. CLAGETT as Senator from Idaho has been wrongly interpreted to imply that his election was largely due to Mormon influences. But that is not a fair inference from the article, which stated the undoubted fact that the defeat of Mr. DUBOIS would be agreeable to the Mormons, who had bitterly opposed him, and "who are credited with no small influence" in the result.

They would have, however, no reason to rejoice in the success of Judge CLAGETT, who, as delegate in Congress from Montana, introduced what was known as the FRELINGHUYSEN bill, which passed the Senate and barely failed to pass the House, and which was largely reproduced by the EDMUNDS bill. The present disfranchising clause in the Idaho Constitution, and its enforcement in the election law of the State recently passed, are also due to the action of Judge CLAGETT and his friends, and cannot commend him strongly to Mormon sympathy and support.

This statement is but fair to obviate the consequences of any prejudicial inference from the article in question.

DANIEL B. FAYERWEATHER.

THE harmonious settlement of the contest over the FAYERWEATHER will is a subject of public congratulation. It is a result due undoubtedly to the good sense of the executors, who were made residuary legatees, and who, by action satisfactory to the family heirs, have also increased the splendid benefactions of the testator. A sum of nearly five millions of dollars will be distributed among colleges and charities, and although institutions which are not selected may think that they are as meritorious as their more fortunate brethren, it will not be denied that the selections have been wisely made.

This munificent gift is another illustration of what is becoming a characteristic disposition of great fortunes by rich Americans. It is a manifestation of public spirit in its highest and best sense. It is a corrective of the feeling that great wealth inevitably tends to extreme selfishness. Indeed, it is unusual in this country for a great fortune to be devised without generous bequests for public purposes. All over the land colleges, libraries, hospitals, museums, are monuments of liberal individual benefactors, and monuments of the noblest kind.

There is one excellent method in the FAYERWEATHER bequests, as we understand them. It is that they are left without conditions. A grateful institution will often decide to attach the donor's name to the disposition that may be made of his beneficence. It may found a professor's chair, or a department in a library; it may build a gymnasium, or a laboratory, or a chapel, and give to it his name. But we believe there is no such requirement in the FAYERWEATHER legacies, and "reason good," according to the old phrase. The college or other institution knows much better than any benefactor is likely to know how best to invest the money for its own benefit. Any gift is welcome, but an unconditional gift is doubly welcome. The noble benevolence of Mr. FAYERWEATHER instantly places his name in the illustrious list of American worthies who have shown that they hold their wealth as a public trust.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY'S TEMPERANCE PROTEST.

THE urgent pressure of the STADLER bill in the Legislature of New York has led to a very interesting incident. The bill was intended to provide for the sale of liquor all night, and thus to give legal sanction to the worst kind of dance halls. It was a direct and damaging blow at public peace and order, and after consultation several Roman Catholic clergymen in the city decided to offer a joint protest. This decision led to a general petition. Prompt action was essential, and within three days a very imposing list of more than a hundred names of eminent Catholic clergymen was obtained, headed by Monsignor FARLEY.

The petition was refused a hearing. This was in accord with the methods used to force the bill to a passage. The Senate by unanimous consent had passed it to a third reading, and the Assembly committee refused to accept an amendment limiting the granting of an all-hours' license to respectable persons. Final action was fortunately baffled, and a number of Catholic citizens, heartily approving the good work of their clergy and indignantly protesting against the refusal to hear the clerical petition, have presented it again, protesting against the later SCHAFF bill.

We have heretofore mentioned the prominent part which the Catholic clergy is taking in the temperance movement. It is not surprising, for no class of the community is brought more immediately in contact with the misery and crime which the saloons produce. No class, also, is better able to render effectual assistance to the cause by its ascendency over its fellow-churchmen than the Catholic clergy. The position which they have taken in opposition to this STADLER scheme is a suggestive sign of the times, and emphasizes still more strongly the fact that the moral and orderly sentiment of the community is united upon the question of restrictive liquor-selling regulation.

AMERICAN AID TO FOREIGN POLITICS.

IT is an illustration of extraordinary "cheek" for Mr. PARNELL to send agents to this country to collect money to support his factional fight in Ireland. He does not represent the movement for Irish home-rule which the majority of the Irish members of Parliament support, and make a question of British politics by their alliance with the Liberal party. Neither they nor that party recognize Mr. PARNELL as one of them, but on the contrary regard him as an opponent of the cause to which they are devoted.

He, for his part, does not spare the most contemptuous attacks upon the Liberal party, or the plainest hints that there may be a fundamental change of the Irish relation to England. If he means to appeal to the Irish sentiment of separatism, he has an undoubted right to do so. But he ought to do it openly, so that Irishmen in this country as well as Americans may understand that the mission of his agents is really to raise money to help a separation between England and Ireland.

Mr. McCARTHY's friends are also about to appeal to this country for pecuniary aid. It is not altogether pleasant to regard the United States as the financial base of foreign politics, and to consider that a large part of the population is here to enable it to carry on political contests in other countries. The case is not the same with the request of a foreign loan by a revolutionary movement in arms and maintaining an acknowledged government. The home-rule contest is a question of British politics, in which one of the great British parties takes part. It involves a change of methods of imperial administration, and it does not gain in dignity or in foreign respect by passing round the hat in foreign countries.

PERSONAL.

A LEATHER apron played a prominent part in the recent Mayoralty campaign at Oswego, New York. An opposition paper sneered at JOHN KEHOE, a young blacksmith and the Democratic nominee, as the "leather-apron" candidate. The working-men at once resented the slur. Campaign badges and banners in the form of leather aprons became thick, and Mr. KEHOE went into office with the largest majority ever given for Mayor in the city.

—Mrs. M. M. MAGRUDER, of Washington, owns the old-fashioned French bedstead upon which President LINCOLN slept during his administration, and upon which his body lay after the assassination. Her husband, a White House carpenter, bought it at an auction sale during ARTHUR'S administration.

—Weekly kite-flying parties are said to have furnished pleasant diversion for Sir EDWIN ARNOLD during his stay in the Flowery Kingdom.

—BENN PITMAN, of Cincinnati, regards with pleasant satisfaction the fact that he was christened by GEORGE CRABBE, the English poet, who was rector of the parish in which Mr. PITMAN was born. He recalls the poet's description of a meeting with WESLEY in the latter's old age, when the great preacher received CRABBE with "benevolent politeness."

—President HARRISON signed the copyright bill with the quill of an American eagle, which was furnished by ROBERT U. JOHNSON, of New York, secretary of the International Copyright League. Mr. JOHNSON now has the quill.

—HENRY IRVING has been made a member of the Marlborough Club, election to which is obtained through the Prince of Wales's especial favor.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES may come to New York to attend the Phillips Academy alumni dinner on March 31st.

—The statement that Miss MARY ANDERSON (Mrs. NAVARRO) has retired permanently from the stage seems to be confirmed by the fact that she is selling her dresses and other theatrical belongings.

—Sergeant LEDEGAR SCHNYDER, of the Ordnance Department in the army, has just been retired, after serving continuously for fifty-three years. He is over eighty years old, but would have served longer had not an accident in the old fort at Clark's Point, Massachusetts, disabled him.

—Mrs. A. H. PERRINE, of Randall County, Alabama, owns and manages a plantation in the heart of the negro belt, and seems to have a genius for getting along with the colored people. Last year she ginned six hundred bales of cotton, running the engine herself, and she personally superintends all the work on the place.

—JAMES PAYN, the English novelist, has joined the staff of *Punch*.

—Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT will soon return to this country to resume her literary work.

—The legitimate interests of the turf lost a good friend in the late Senator HEARST, of California. He loved fine horses and admired their achievements, but cared little for the gains or losses of the course.

—W. H. H. MURRAY has repurchased the old Murray homestead and farm at Guilford, Connecticut, from which he was forced to part some years ago by business reverses.

—HENRY WATTERSON, the brilliant journalist, aspired to be a pianist when a boy, and appeared in a number of concerts, but a felon robbed him of his thumb and changed his career.

—JASON, second son of JOHN BROWN, lives in California, and lectures on temperance.

—JOHN S. KENNEDY, the Wall Street banker, who is to erect a large building to be used as the head-quarters of the charitable associations of New York city, is a well-known philanthropist. He is president of the Presbyterian Hospital and a trustee of the Lenox Lyceum and a director of the Museum of Art. Like many other Scotch Americans, he has made money by practical business methods, and desires now to use similar methods in advancing the interests of the city's charities.

—The fortune of Congressman JOHN L. MITCHELL, of Milwaukee, probably the richest man in the next House, is estimated at $40,000,000.

—Waterloo veterans seem to be more numerous outside of the British kingdom than in it. France boasts a dozen, Germany twice as many more, and Belgium two. One of the Belgians is Chevalier GEORGE D. EPINOIS, who now, at the age of ninety-seven, is burgomaster of the village of Epinois les Binche.

—The faculty of Harvard College recently admitted S. IKEDA, of Japan, as a regular student, permitting him to substitute Chinese and Japanese for the Latin and Greek usually required at entrance. Mr. IKEDA had been a thorough student of the classical writers in his own and the Celestial languages, and was looked upon as having complied with the spirit of the Harvard requirements.

—Senator WOLCOTT is said to be the best billiard player in the upper branch of Congress.

—Mrs. MAY FRENCH SHELDON, who formerly lived in Chicago, but more recently in Paris, is soon to visit the interior of Africa to study the native women. She will ride in a palanquin, and take with her an educated Arab cook.

—JOHN WILEY, one of the oldest publishers in the United States, died recently at East Orange, New Jersey.

—Mrs. LILLIE PUTNAM NORMAN, who died recently in North Adams, Massachusetts, was a granddaughter of General ISRAEL PUTNAM, and owned the sword which he carried during the Revolutionary war.

—AUGUSTIN DALY, the playwright and manager, is a lover of rare books, and has spent much money in collecting them. His library of dramatic works is one of the finest in the country.

—Madame PAULINE LUCCA is about to retire from the operatic stage, at the age of forty-eight years.

—Congressman MILLER, of South Carolina, has little to mark him as a colored man, his skin being white and his hair perfectly straight. He is a forcible speaker.

—The hereditary Prince of Nassau, with a prospective income of $1,250,000 a year, is in England looking for a wife.

—The Holland Society of this city has received from Consul-General PLANTEN, of the Netherlands, a gavel made of wood from the old Dutch church in Delftshaven, Holland, which was built in 1416, and under whose roof the Pilgrim Fathers worshipped.

—CHARLES DICKENS, son of the great author, is a prosperous London printer.

—There is talk of erecting a statue to President ARTHUR in this city from funds left over after the monument over his grave at Albany had been completed.

—JOAQUIN MILLER has bought a shot-gun, and purposes to be his own game warden in protecting his preserves near Oakland, California, from poachers.

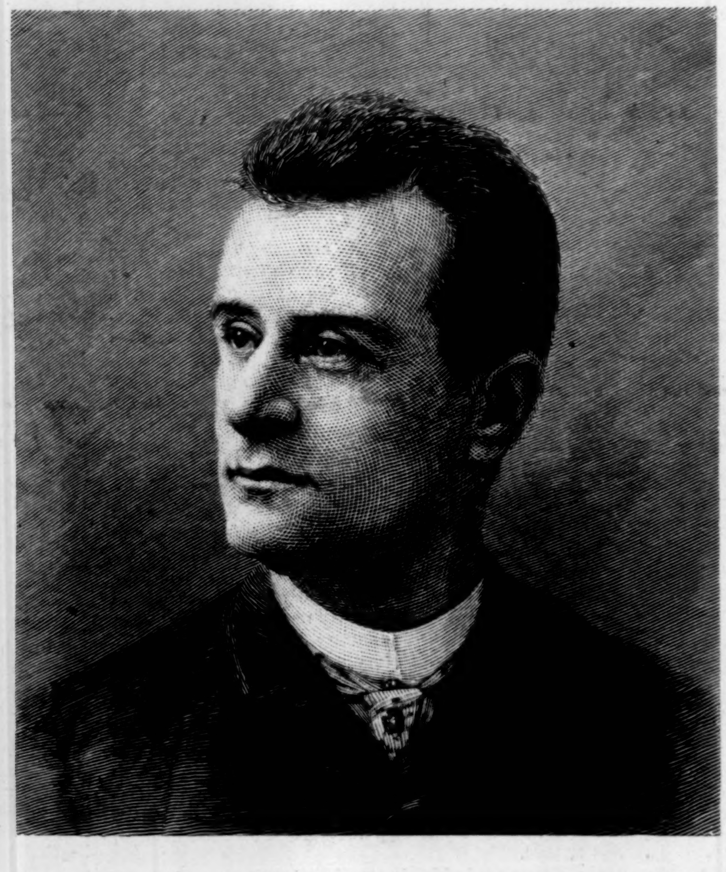
—Captain HORATIO D. SMITH, well known all along the coast as an efficient officer of the revenue marine service, has been promoted to the command of a cruiser in the navy. He is a native of Massachusetts, and comes of good fighting stock. His great-grandfather commanded a war vessel during the Revolution, his grandfather lost a leg at Lundy's Lane, and his father fought in the Mexican war, while Captain SMITH himself was an officer in the navy during the last war.

MR. HARRIGAN AS THE MAJOR.

MR. HARRIGAN AND MRS. YEAMANS AS DAN AND CORDELIA MULLIGAN.

MR. HARRIGAN AS WADDY GOOGAN.

MR. HARRIGAN AS WILY REILLY.



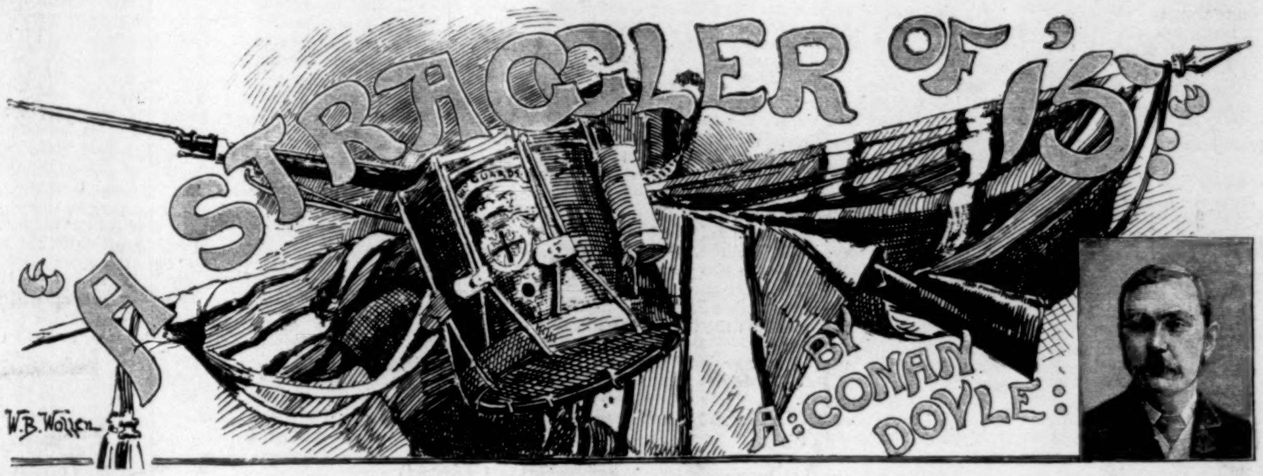
MISS ADA LEWIS AS KITTIE LYNCH, "THE TOUGH GIRL."

MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS.

MR. JOHN WILD.

MISS ADA LEWIS.

EDWARD HARRIGAN AND MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 210.]



IT was a dull October morning, and heavy, rolling fog wreaths lay low over the wet, gray roofs of the Woolwich houses. Down in the long, straight, brick-lined streets all was sodden and greasy and cheerless. From the high, dark buildings of the arsenal came the whir of many wheels, the thudding of huge weights, and the myriad buzz and babel of human toil. Beyond, the sordid dwellings of the working-men, smoke-stained and unlovely, radiated away in a lessening perspective of narrowing road and dwindling wall.

There were few folk in the streets, for the toilers had all been absorbed since break of day by the huge smoke-spouting monster, which sucked in the manhood of the town, to belch it forth, weary and work-stained, every night. Little groups of children straggled to school, or loitered to peep through the single front windows at the hypertrophied Bibles, balanced upon small three-legged tables, which were their usual adornment. Stout women, with thick red arms and dirty aprons, stood upon the whitened doorsteps, leaning upon their brooms, and shrieking their morning greetings across the road. One, stouter, redder, and dirtier than the rest, had gathered a small knot of cronies around her, and was talking energetically, with little shrill titters from her audience to punctuate her remarks.

"Old enough to know better?" she cried, in answer to an exclamation from one of the listeners. "If he hain't no sense now, I 'specs he won't learn much on this side o' Jordan. Why, 'ow old is he at all? Blessed if I could ever make out."

"Well, it ain't so hard to reckon," said a sharp-featured, pale-faced woman with watery blue eyes. "He's been at the battle o' Waterloo, and has the pension and medal to prove it."

"That were a ter'ble long time agone," remarked a little fat person, with her skirt tucked up and a pair of list slippers very much down at the heels. "It were afore I were born."

"Afore your mother were born or thought of," cried the first speaker. "I b'lieve it were a hundret year agone."

"It were fifteen year after the beginnin' of the century," cried a younger woman, who had stood leaning against the wall, with a smile of superior knowledge upon her face. "My Bill was a-saying so last Sabbath, when I spoke to him o' old Daddy Brewster, here."

"To hear you talk, one 'ud think your Bill was the only Bill there was," exclaimed the pallid woman, snappishly. "And suppose he spoke truth, Missus Simpson, 'ow long agone do that make it?"

"It's eighty-one now," said the original speaker, checking off the years upon her coarse red fingers, "and that were fifteen. Ten, and ten, and ten, and ten, and ten—why, it's only sixty and six year, so he ain't so old after all."

"But he weren't a new-born babe at the battle, silly," cried the fat woman, with a chuckle. "S'pose he were only twenty, then he couldn't be less than six-and-eighty now, at the very lowest."

"Ay, he's that—every day of it," cried several.

"I've had 'bout enough of it," remarked the large woman, gloomily. "Unless his young niece, or grandniece, or whatever she is, come to-day, I'm off, and he can find some one else to do his work. Why, my old man is only just pickin' up from the tripod fever, and Sammy home from school with the brownchitis. Your own 'ome first, says I."

"Ain't he quiet, then, Missus Simpson?" asked the youngest of the group.

"Listen to him now," she answered, with her hand half raised and her head turned slantwise. From the upper floor there came a shuffling, sliding sound, with a sharp tapping of a stick. "There he go back and forrands, doing what he call his sentry go. 'Arf the night through he's at that game, the silly old juggins. At six o'clock this very mornin' there he was beatin' with a stick at my door. 'Turn out, guard!' he cried, and a lot more jargon that I could make nothing of. Then what with his coughin' and 'awkin' and spittin', there ain't no gettin' a wink o' sleep. Hark to him now!"

"Missus Simpson! Missus Simpson!" cried a cracked and querulous voice from above.

"That's him!" she cried, nodding her head with an air of triumph. "He do go on somethin' scandalous. Yes, Mister Brewster, sir."

"THEY'RE YOUNG, MOSTLY; BUT THEY HAIN'T FORGOT HOW TO MARCH."

"WHY, I SEES IT ALL AFORE ME EVERY TIME I SHUTS MY EYES."

"I want my morning ration, Missus Simpson."

"It's just ready, Mister Brewster, sir."

"Blessed if he ain't like a baby cryin' for its pap," said the fat woman.

"A baby! He's more trouble than twins," cried Mrs. Simpson, viciously. "I feel as if I could shake his old bones up sometimes. But who's for a 'arf pint of fourpenny?"

The whole company were about to shuffle off to the public-house, when a young girl stepped across the road and touched the house-keeper timidly upon the arm.

"I think that is No. 56 Arsenal View," she said. "Can you tell me if Mr. Brewster lives here?"

The house-keeper looked critically at the new-comer. She was a girl of about twenty, broad-faced and comely, with a turned-up nose and large honest gray eyes. Her print dress, her straw hat, with a bunch of glaring poppies, and the bundle which she carried had all a smack of the country.

"You're Norah Brewster, I s'pose?" said Mrs. Simpson, eying her up and down with no friendly gaze.

"Yes; I've come to look after my granduncle Gregory."

"And a good job too," cried the fat house-keeper, with a toss of her head. "It's about time that some of his own folk took a turn at it, for I've had about enough of

it. There you are, young woman! in you go, and make yourself at home. There's tea in the caddy, and bacon on the dresser, and the old man will be about you if you don't fetch him his breakfast. I'll send for my things in the evenin'." With a nod she caught up her tattered bonnet from a peg, and strolled off with her attendant gossips in the direction of the public-house.

Thus left to her own devices the country girl walked into the front room, and took off her hat and jacket. It was a low-roofed apartment, with a sputtering fire, upon which a small brass kettle was singing cheerily. A stained cloth lay over half the table, with an empty brown teapot, a loaf of bread, and some coarse crockery. Norah Brewster looked rapidly about her, and in an instant took over her new duties. Ere five minutes had passed the tea was made, two slices of bacon were frizzling on the pan, the table was rearranged, the antimacassars straightened over the sombre brown furniture, and the whole room had taken a new air of comfort and neatness. This done, she looked round curiously at the prints which hung upon the walls. Over the fireplace, in a small square case, a brown medal caught her eye, with a strip of purple ribbon. Beneath was a small slip of newspaper cutting. She stood on her tiptoes, with her fingers on the edge of the mantel-piece, and craned her neck up to see it, glancing down from time to time at the bacon, which simmered and hissed beneath her. The cutting was yellow with age, and ran in this way:

"On Tuesday an interesting ceremony was performed at the barracks of the Third Regiment of Guards when, in the presence of the Prince Regent, Lord Hill, Lord Saltoun, and an assemblage which comprised beauty as well as valor, a special medal was presented to Corporal Gregory Brewster, of Captain Haldane's flank company, in recognition of his gallantry in the recent great battle in the Lowlands. It appears that on the ever-memorable 18th of June four companies of the Third Guards and of the Coldstreams, under the command of Colonels Maitland and Byng, held the important farmhouse of Hougoumont at the right of the British position. At a critical point of the action these troops found themselves short of powder. Seeing that Generals Foy and Jerome Buonaparte were again massing their infantry for an attack on the position, Colonel Byng despatched Corporal Brewster to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. Brewster came upon two powder tumbrils of the Nassau Division, and succeeded, after menacing the drivers with his musket, in inducing them to convey their powder to Hougoumont. In his absence, however, the hedges surrounding the position had been set on fire by a howitzer battery of the French, and the passage of the carts full of powder became a most hazardous matter. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to fragments. Daunted by the fate of his comrade, the second driver turned his horses; but Corporal Brewster, springing upon his seat, hurled the man down, and urging the powder cart through the flames, succeeded in forcing a way to his companions. To this gallant deed may be directly attributed the success of the British arms, for without powder it would have been impossible to have held Hougoumont, and the Duke of Wellington had repeatedly declared that had Hougoumont fallen, as well as La Haye Sainte, he would have found it impossible to have held his ground. Long may the heroic Brewster live to treasure the medal which he has so bravely won, and to look back with pride to the day when, in the presence of his comrades in arms, he received this tribute to his valor from the august hands of the first gentleman of the realm!"

The reading of this old yellow cutting increased in Norah's mind the deep reverence with which she had always regarded her warrior relative. From her infancy he had been her ideal, her hero, and hence she had begged to be sent to his aid when the death of his house-keeper had made it necessary that some one should be with him. True, she had never yet seen him in the flesh, but a rude and faded painting at home, which depicted a square-faced, clean-shaven, stalwart man, with an enormous bear-skin cap, rose ever before her memory when she thought of him.

She was still gazing at the brown medal, and wondering what the "*dulce et decorum est*" might mean, which was inscribed upon the edge, when there came a sudden tapping and shuffling on the stair, and there at the door was standing the very man who had been so often in her thoughts.

But could this indeed be he? Where were the martial air, the flashing eye, the warrior face which she had pictured? There, framed in the doorway, was a stooping, twisted old man, gaunt and thin, with trembling hands and shuffling, purposeless gait. A cloud of fluffy white hair, a red-veined nose, two projecting tufts of eyebrow, and a pair of dimly questioning blue eyes—these were what met her gaze. He leaned forward upon a stick, while his shoulders rose and fell as he breathed with a crackling, rasping sound.

"I want my morning rations," he cried, as he stumped forward to his chair. "The cold nips me without 'em. See, to my fingers." He held out his hand, all blue at the tips, wrinkled and gnarled, with huge projecting knuckles.

"It's nigh ready," answered the girl, gazing at him with great wondering eyes. "Don't you know who I am, granduncle? I am Norah Brewster, from Leyton."

"Rum is warm," crooned the old man, rocking himself to and fro in his chair, "and schnapps is warm, and there's 'eat in soup; but a dish o' tea—a dish o' tea. What did you say your name was?"

"Norah Brewster."

"Speak out, lass, for my 'earin' ain't what it was. Norah Brewster, eh? Then you'll be brother Jarge's girl? Lor', to think of little Jarge havin' a girl." He chuckled hoarsely to himself, and the long, stringy sinews of his throat jerked and quivered.

"I am the daughter of your brother Jarge's son," said she, as she deftly turned the bacon on the dish.

"Lor', but little Jarge was a rare 'un," he went on. "Eh, by jimini, there was no chousing Jarge. He's got a bull pup o' mine that I lent him when I took the shilling. Likely it's dead now. He didn't give it to ye to bring?"

"Why, grandpa Jarge has been dead this twenty years," cried Norah, pouring out the old man's tea.

"Eh, but it were a beautiful pup—by jimini, a beautiful pup! And I am cold for the lack o' my rations. Rum is good and schnapps, but I'd as lief have tea as either."

"I've got two pounds of butter and some eggs in the bundle," cried Norah. "Mother said as I was to give you her respec's and love, and she'd ha' sent a tin o' Leyton cream, but it 'ud have turned on the way."

"Eh, it's a middlin' goodish way," said he, supping loudly at his tea. "Likely the stage left yesternight."

"The what, uncle?"

"The coach that brought ye."

"Nay; I came by the mornin' train."

"Lor' now, think o' that! You ain't afeared, then, o' these new-fangled things? By jimini, to think o' you comin' by railroad like that! What's the world a-comin' to!"

There was silence for some minutes as Norah sat by the fire stirring her tea, and glancing sideways at the bluish lips and champing jaws of her companion.

"You must ha' seen a deal of life, uncle," she said at last. "It must seem a long, long time to you."

"Not so very long, neither. I'm ninety come next Candlemas, but it don't seem long since I took the bounty. And that battle, it might ha' been yesterday. By jimini, I've got the smell of the burnt powder in my nose! Eh, but I get a power of good from my rations." He did indeed look less worn and colorless than when she first saw him. There was a little fleck of pink upon either cheek, and a spark of animation in his eyes. "Have you read that?" he asked, jerking his head in the direction of the paper cutting.

"Yes, uncle; and I am sure that you must be proud of it."

"Ah, it was a great day for me—a great day. The Regent was there, and a fine body of a man, too. 'The ridgment is proud of you,' says he. 'And I'm proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'A —— good answer too,' says he to Lord Hill, and they both burst out a-laughin'. A spoonful from that bottle by the brass candlestick, my dear. It's paregoric, and it cuts the phlegm. But what be you a-peepin' out o' the window for?"

"Oh, granduncle," the girl cried, clapping her hands, "here's a regiment of soldiers comin' down the street, with the band playin' at the head of them!"

"A ridgment, eh? Where be my glasses? Lordy, but I can hear the band as plain as plain! Here they come—pioneers, drum-major, band. What be their number, lass?" His eyes were shining, and his great bony hand, like the claw of some fierce old bird, dug into her shoulder.

"They don't seem to have no number, uncle. They've something wrote on their shoulders. 'Oxfordshire,' I think it be."

"Ah, yes," he growled; "I heard as they had dropped the numbers, and given them new-fangled names. There they go, by jimini! They're young, mostly, but they hain't forgot how to march. Blessed if I can see the light bobs, though. But they have the swing—ay, they have the swing." He gazed after them until the last files had turned the corner, and the measured tramp of their marching had died away in the distance.

"Where be that bottle?" he continued, stumping his way back to the wooden arm-chair on the further side of the fireplace. "It cuts the phlegm. It's the toobes that's wrong with me. Joyce says so, and he be a clever man. I'm in his club. There's the card, paid up, under yon flat-iron. Why, darn my skin!" he broke out suddenly, slapping his withered thigh, "I knew as something was amiss."

"Where, uncle?"

"In them soldiers. I've got it now. They'd forgot their stocks. Not one of 'em had his stock on." He croaked and chuckled for a long time over his discovery. "It wouldn't ha' done for the Dook," he muttered; "no, by jimini! the Dook would ha' had a word there."

"Why, uncle," cried Norah, "here be a soldier at our door. One of them with the blue coats and gold braid."

"Eh, and what do he want? Open the door to him, lass, and ask him what he want?"

A tall, brown-faced artilleryman, with the three gold chevrons of sergeant upon his arm, stood, carbine in hand, upon their single step.

"Good-morning, miss," said he, raising one thick finger to his jaunty, yellow-banded cap; "I b'lieve there's an old gentleman lives here of the name of Brewster, who was engaged in the battle o' Waterloo?"

"It's my granduncle, sir," said Norah, casting down her eyes before the keen, critical gaze of the young soldier. "He is in the front parlor."

"Could I have a word with him, miss? I'll call again if it don't chance to be convenient."

"I am sure that he would be very glad to see you, sir. He's in here, if you'll step in. Uncle, here's a gentleman who wants to speak with you."

"Proud to see you, sir—proud and glad, sir!" cried the sergeant, taking three steps forward into the room, grounding his carbine, while he raised his hand, palm forward, in a salute. Norah stood by the door, with her mouth and eyes open, wondering whether her granduncle had ever, in his prime, looked like this magnificent creature; and whether he, in his turn, would ever come to resemble her granduncle.

The old man blinked up at his visitor, and shook his head slowly. "Sit ye down, sergeant," said he, pointing with his stick to a chair. "You're young for the stripes. Lordy, it's easier to get three now than one in my day. Gunners were old soldiers then, and the gray hairs came quicker than the three stripes."

"I am eight years service, sir," cried the sergeant; "Macdonald is my name—Sergeant Macdonald, of H Battery, Southern Artillery Division. I have called as the spokesman of my mates at the gunners' barracks to say that we are proud to have you in the town, sir."

Old Brewster chuckled and rubbed his bony hands. "That were what the Regent said," he cried. "'The ridgment is proud of ye,' says he. 'And I am proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'And a —— good answer too,' says he, and he and Lord Hill burst out a-laughin'."

"The non-commissioned mess would be proud and honored to see you, sir," said Sergeant Macdonald. "And if you could step as far you'll always find a pipe o' baccy and a glass of grog awaitin' you."

The old man laughed until he coughed. "Like to see me, would they? The dogs!" said he. "Well, well, when the warm weather comes again I'll maybe drop in. It's likely that I'll drop in. Too grand for a canteen, eh? Got your mess just the same as the orficers. What's the world a-comin' to at all!"

"You was in the line, sir, was you not?" asked the sergeant, respectfully.

"The line?" cried the old man with shrill scorn; "never wore a shako in my life. I am a Guardsman, I am. Served in the Third Guards—the same they call now the Scots Guards. Lordy, but they have all marched away, every man of them, from old Colonel Byng down to the drummer-boys, and here am I a straggler—that's what I am, sergeant, a straggler! I'm here, when I ought to be there. But it ain't my fault, neither, for I've never been called, and I'm ready to fall in when the word comes."

"We've all got to muster there," answered the sergeant. "Won't you try my baccy, sir?" handing over a seal-skin pouch.

Old Brewster drew a blackened clay pipe from his pocket, and began to stuff the tobacco into the bowl. In an instant it slipped through his fingers and was broken to pieces on the floor. His lip quivered, his nose puckered up, and he began crying with the long helpless sobs of a child. "I've broken my pipe," he cried.

"Don't, uncle—oh, don't," cried Norah, bending over him and patting his white head as one soothes a baby. "It don't matter. We can easy get another."

"Don't you fret yourself, sir," said the sergeant. "'Ere's a wooden pipe with an amber mouth, if you'll do me the honor to accept it from me. I'd be real glad if you will take it."

"Jimini!" cried he, his smiles breaking in an instant through his tears. "It's a fine pipe. See to my new pipe, Norah. I lay that Jarge never had a pipe like that. You've got your firelock there, sergeant."

"Yes, sir; I was on my way back from the butts when I looked in."

"Let me have the feel of it. Lordy, but it seems like old times to have one's hand on a musket. What's the manual, sergeant, eh? Cock your firelock—look to your priming—present your firelock—eh, sergeant? Oh, jimini, I've broke your musket in halves!"

"That's all right, sir," cried the gunner, laughing. "You pressed on the lever and opened the breech-piece. That's where we load 'em, you know."

"Load 'em at the wrong end! Well, well, to think o' that. And no ramrod, neither! I've heered tell of it, but I never believed it afore. Ah, it won't come up to Brown Bess. When there's work to be done, you mark my word and see if they don't come back to Brown Bess."

"By the Lord, sir," cried the sergeant, hotly, "they need some change out in South Africa now. I see by this mornin's paper that the government has knuckled under to these Boers. They're hot about it at the non-com. mess, I can tell you, sir."

"Eh, eh," croaked old Brewster. "By jimini, it wouldn't ha' done for the Dook; the Dook would ha' had a word to say over that!"

"Ah, that he would, sir," cried the sergeant; "and God send us another like him But I've wearied you enough for one sitting. I'll look in again, and I'll bring a comrade or two with me if I may, for there isn't one but would be proud to have speech with you."

So with another salute to the veteran, and a gleam of white teeth at Norah, the big gunner withdrew, leaving a memory of blue cloth and of gold braid behind him. Many days had not passed, however, before he was back again, and through all the long winter he was a frequent visitor at Arsenal View. There came a time at last when it might be doubted to which of the two occupants his visits were directed; nor was it hard to say by which he was most anxiously awaited. He brought others with him, and soon, through all the lines, a pilgrimage to Daddy Brewster's came to be looked upon as the proper thing to do. Gunners and sappers, linesmen and dragoons, came bowing and bobbing into the little parlor, with clatter of side-arms and clink of spurs, stretching their long legs across the patchwork rug, and hunting in the front of their tunics for the screw of tobacco, or paper of snuff, which they had brought as a sign of their esteem.

It was a deadly cold winter, with six weeks no end of snow on the ground, and Norah had a hard task to keep the life in that time-worn body. There were times when his mind would leave him, and when, save for an outcry when the hour of his meals came round, no word would fall from him, save vague ramblings and mumblings. He was a white-haired child, with all a child's troubles and emotions. As the warm weather came once more, however, and the green buds peeped forth again upon the trees, the blood thawed in his veins, and he would even drag himself as far as the door to bask in the life-giving sunshine. He was seated there one afternoon upon his camp-stool, when there came an elderly, gray-whiskered gentleman, swinging his cane, and glancing up at the numbers of the houses.

"Hullo!" said he, when he came abreast of the old man. "Perhaps you are Gregory Brewster?"

"My name, sir," answered the veteran.

"You are the same Brewster, as I understand, whose name is on the roll of the Scots Guards as having been present at the battle of Waterloo?"

"I am that man, sir, though we called it the Third Guards in those days. It was a fine ridgment, and they only need me to make up a full muster."

"Tut, tut; they'll have to wait years for that," said the gentleman, heartily; "but I am the Colonel of the Scots Guards, and I thought I would like to have a word with you."

Old Gregory Brewster was up in an instant, with his hand to his rabbit-skin cap. "God bless me!" he cried. "To think of it—to think of it."

"Hadn't the gentleman better come in?" suggested the practical Norah from behind the door.

"Surely, sir, surely; walk in, sir, if I may be so bold."

In his excitement he had forgotten his stick, and as he led the way into the parlor his knees tottered, and he threw out his hands. In an instant the colonel had caught him on one side, and Norah on the other.

"Easy and steady," said the colonel, as he led him to his arm-chair.

"Thank ye, sir. I was near gone that time. But, Lordy! why, I can scarcely believe it. To think of me the corporal of the flank company, and you the colonel of the battalion. Lordy, but how things come round, to be sure!"

"Why, we are very proud of you in London," said the colonel. "And so you are actually one of the men who held Hougoumont?"

He looked at the bony trembling hands, with their huge knotted knuckles, the stringy throat, and the heaving rounded shoulders. Could this, indeed, be the last of that band of heroes? Then he glanced at the half-filled phials, the blue liniment bottles, the long-spouted kettle, and the sordid details of the sick-room. "Better, surely, had he died under the blazing rafters of the Belgian farm-house," thought the colonel.

"I hope that you are pretty comfortable and happy," he remarked, after a pause.

"Thank ye, sir. I have a good deal of trouble with my toobes—a deal of trouble. You wouldn't think the job it is to cut the phlegm. And I need my rations. I gets cold without 'em. And my joints—they ain't what they ought to be."

"How's the memory?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, there ain't nothing amiss there. Why, sir, I could give you the name of every man in Captain Haldane's flank company."

"And the battle—you remember it?"

"Why, I sees it all afore me every time I shuts my eyes. Lordy, sir, you wouldn't hardly believe how clear it is to me. There's our line from the paregoric bottle right along to the snuff-box. D'ye see? Well, then the pill-box is for Hougoumont on the right, where we was, and Norah's thimble for La Haye Sainte. There it is all right, sir, and here were our guns, and here behind the reserves and the Belgians! Ach, them Belgians!" He spat furiously into the fire. "Then here's the French where my pipe lies, and over here, where I put my baccy pouch, was the Proosians a-comin' up on our left flank. Jimini, but it was a glad sight to see the smoke of their guns!"

"And what was it that struck you most,

now, in connection with the whole affair?" asked the colonel.

"I lost three half-crowns over it, I did," crooned old Brewster. "I shouldn't wonder if I was never to get that money now. I lent 'em to Jabez Smith, my rear-rank man in Brussels. 'Only till pay-day, Grig,' says he. By jimini, he was stuck by a lancer at Quarter Brass, and me with not so much as a slip o' paper to prove the debt!* Them three half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

The colonel rose from his chair, laughing. "The officers of the Guard want you to buy yourself some little trifle which may add to your comfort," he said. "It is not from me, so you need not thank me." He took up the old man's baccy pouch and slipped a crisp bank-note inside it.

"Thank ye kindly, sir. But there's one favor that I would like to ask you, colonel."

"Yes, my man?"

"If I'm called, colonel, you won't grudge me a flag and a firing party? I'm not a civilian; I'm a Guardsman—I'm the last of the old Third Guards. When I'm gone they'll have a good muster yonder."

"All right, my man, I'll see to it," said the colonel. "Good-by. I hope to have nothing but good news from you."

"A kind gentleman, Norah," croaked old Brewster, as they saw him walk past the window; "but, Lordy, he ain't fit to black the boots of my old Colonel Byng."

Early in May the veteran's breathing grew more labored, and he had a sore struggle for air. For weeks on end he lay gasping, propped with pillows, until his feeble spark of life was but a flickering thing, which any hour might extinguish. The young curate of the parish used to come in of an evening and read the Bible to him, but he seemed to take little notice of it for the most part. Only the chapters about Joshua and the wars of the Israelites appeared to fix his attention, and he held his trembling hand up to his ear for fear of missing a word of them.

"I say," he croaked one night; "what's that great fight that is to be?"

"Armageddon?"

"Ay, that's the word. That's the great battle in the other world, ain't it?"

"It is the great final fight," said the curate. "It is said to be typical of the struggle between good and evil."

The old man lay silent for a long time. "I s'pects the Third Guards 'll be there," he remarked at last. "And the Dook—the Dook 'll have something to say."

It was the 18th of June, the anniversary of the great victory, when things came at last to a crisis with the old soldier. All day he had lain with nothing but his puffing blue lips and the twitching of his scraggy neck to show that he still held the breath of life. Norah and Sergeant Macdonald had sat by him in the afternoon, but he had shown no consciousness of their presence. He lay peacefully, his eyes half closed, his hands under his cheek, as one who is very weary.

They had left him for an instant, and were sitting in the front room where Norah was preparing the tea, when of a sudden they heard his footstep in the room above, and a shout that rang through the house. Loud and clear and swelling it pealed in their ears, a voice full of strength and energy and fiery passion. "The Guards need powder," it cried; and yet again, "the Guards need powder."

The sergeant sprang from his chair and rushed up stairs, followed by the trembling Norah. There was the old man standing by his bedside, his blue eyes sparkling, his white hair bristling, his whole figure towering and expanding, with eagle head and glance of fire. "The Guards need powder," he thundered once again, "and by God they shall have it!" He threw up his long sinewy arms, and sank back with a groan upon his pallet. The sergeant stooped over him, and his face darkened.

"Oh, Archie, Archie," sobbed the frightened girl, "what do you think of him?"

The sergeant turned away. "I think," said he, "that the Third Guards have a full muster now."

A QUAKER CITY INSTITUTION.

Philadelphia, not generally given to original outbursts, once started a scheme which has ripened into quite a queer affair, and one which seems likely to stay.

Some years ago the government of the Academy of Fine Arts and the Germania Orchestra, of time-honored local fame, put their heads together and decided to give weekly concerts amongst the pictures and statuary for the benefit of the public. Twenty-five cents admission being within the reach of all classes, the building sees a large audience every Thursday afternoon enjoying art through eyes and ears together while promenading through the galleries or seated comfortably in all sorts of irregular places. The broad staircase, which continues straight up to the Sculpture Gallery, is broken half-way up by a landing, from which the stairs turn to the right and left. At the top of these branches and between them is seated the orchestra. On the stairs are placed long low benches, serving as seats for the audience. Of course space is left wide enough for a passageway. On each side of the orchestra, rooms and galleries are filled with eager listeners. The concert begins at three, and one who does not arrive early finds it difficult to get a seat. The stairs are the popular places, and are always crowded from top to bottom. To a novice the sight is very funny. One is not accustomed to see at a concert people sitting face to face or side to side, some with their backs to the performers, and yet others underneath them (an inevitable result from the plan of the stairway), and the effect is startling and ludicrous. But as one becomes used to the sight, listens to the sweet strains echoing through the big building, and sees the perfect ease and convenience of the arrangement, one recognizes that Philadelphia has done a good thing. There is a dramatic flavor to this novel concert-hall which cannot fail to impress. The greater part of the crowd are attentive listeners, but there is a restless element which wanders about, giving life to the scene; and there is also a flirty one, much to be deplored under such circumstances and in a building consecrated to the ennobling of the mind and imagination. To my outraged eyes I have seen "Death on the Pale Horse," which occupies a large space in the South Gallery, visibly shudder at irreverent butterflies flirting under his nose (which I must say is, being a skeleton, a short and undignified one), and grind his teeth, of which he has a conspicuous number. I have heard complaints that these concerts were excuses for many meetings and flirtations amongst the young fry, but I think this grievance is exaggerated. As a rule, the young people behave with propriety, and seem attentive listeners to the Germania. The group in the foreground of our illustration shows a fashionable set who have strayed in, and who appear to be listening politely to the harmonious strains of Beethoven or Mozart. The solemnity of their faces indicates plainly that the popular twenty-five-cent hoppity-skip tune has not yet had its innings; therefore I say advisedly, "listening *politely*." I'm afraid as yet thoroughly good music at these concerts does not cheer or inebriate. Profound silence after Beethoven; delighted applause after the Railroad Galop, or the Tinkly Bell Polka, or the Jiggerty Jog Waltz. The orchestra tactfully sprinkles over the popular programme classic music, ancient and modern, thereby hoping to raise the taste of the public gradually and unconsciously to themselves.

One of the programmes, which is a fair sample of the kind of music one hears there, shows a judicious blending of Strauss, Mozart, Halévy, Saint-Saēns, Beinecke, Beethoven, Brahms, and Leutner. As a means of eradicating all but the very best order of music, I should suggest Sunday evening concerts. Even a week-day evening might answer the purpose in a lesser degree, but as most of the real music lovers are Germans, many of whom are unable to leave their occupations until late, Sunday would be apt to attract a larger audience. The government has most liberally opened the academy on that day free of charge, and if it would but go a step farther, and, in spite of "ohs!" and "ahs!" establish these popular twenty-five-cent musicals on Sunday evenings, I feel sure of its success in the end. The *pur et simple* Philadelphian would demur mightily to this wicked plan at first, but finding their groans of no effect, they would undoubtedly recognize the wisdom of the thing, and even venture to contribute their presence and their twenty-five cents to this philanthropic scheme. It is the history of the world, or where should we be now? A few determined spirits have ruled the masses since the year 1, and will do so until the end of all things.

A controversy of this sort was waged in Newport, Rhode Island, several years ago, when the orchestra came out triumphant in spite of petitions miles long drawn up by clergymen, ex-Governors, State officials, and other magnificences. These concerts took place in summer in the open-air galleries of the fashionable Casino, and were largely attended by tradespeople and others who were unable to go except on Sunday. I have not been aware of any deterioration of morals amongst them since they have indulged in this supposed Sabbath-breaking. On the contrary, I have no doubt that just so much time occupied by listening to harmonious strains has been so much time snatched from gossip, scandal, grumbling, and even perhaps drunkenness. The human race is so constituted that excitement of some sort is necessary to it, and if it cannot be procured in a mild and innocent form, it will be got at in an uninnocent way. One obstacle to these Sunday evenings, viz., the ticket-seller's loss of holiday, would be easily overcome if a few philanthropically inclined ladies and gentlemen would step forward, as they are now doing in England, and offer their services for that evening.

A favorite place with me is the Sculpture Gallery, which is some distance from the orchestra and the madding and maddening crowd. The strains of melody are filtered by the time they reach me to a soft dreamy tone, very pleasant to the ear. All harshness and roughness are lost, and the senses are soothed and wrapped in a languid contentment, superinduced by the poetry of sculpture on all sides. I have my moods, though, and at times the whole scene appears to me mysterious and uncanny as I associate what I hear with what I see. By adapting the music to some particular bust or figure, I wander through strange scenes and curious countries, until I lose sight of my prosaic position in an American academy, seated amongst modern men and women, dressed in the height—or breadth, as the case may be—of fashion, who talk platitudes, and eye each other critically as regards the color of a bow or the shape of a shoe tip.

At times the comic side strikes me, and I am overcome with hilarity at the apparent absorption in surrounding sights and sounds of two rows of busts which line either side of the wall. They are a promiscuous crowd of all countries and times, who appear to be totally blind to the advisability of sorting themselves into appropriate groups. To take a comprehensive view of these people in profile, and observe their varied attitudes and expressions of rigid musical enjoyment, is to be overwhelmed with irreverent mirth.

As I have hinted before, Beethoven is not popular with the academy audiences. Few listen through a symphony with strict attention, and many whispered conversations are held. One day I heard two old gossips behind me earnestly relating their grievances: "Do you know that that horrid little Jimmy broke my new butter-knife? He must needs butter the cat with it, just out of pure badness. Used my best butter too. My! I just walloped him!" I could stand no more. Beethoven and buttered cats agreed not; and though with a certain admiration of Jimmy as an original character, I moved my seat, to hear: "Now you were real mean, you bad thing, to go gallivanting with that girl yesterday. I told you before that—" Not caring to know what that jealous young woman told him, I again left my seat; and after many vain attempts to hear the great master's symphony in unbroken quiet, I finally brought up amongst my calm friends the busts, and together we enjoyed it in mute solemnity.

I have come to the conclusion, after much conjecture on the subject, that the reason of Philadelphia's want of rapid progression in musical appreciation is owing to lack of good newspaper criticism. Concerts come and concerts go, and such wishy-washy stuff—and all incorrect—that is written about them is extremely depressing. We dearly love our daily paper here, and shape our views irrevocably and firmly on everything, from art to politics, on the opinions therein expressed. To hear a friend converse for five minutes is to know what paper he takes. Now, under these circumstances, it may be seen how necessary a cultivated critic is. But we are not furnished with this commodity. We scrape along as best we can, finding out for ourselves what it is proper to admire and what we must scorn, which process is slow and uncertain. The musical department of our daily journals, I have a strong suspicion, is intrusted to the office-boy, who may be a good and useful boy, and a boy with a fine *morale*, but he is not, as a rule, a musical being, or qualified to instruct us on that point.

It is the same with painting and sculpture. The annual exhibitions show to a meek, unsuspicious public a collection of nightmares, which get "worserer and worserer" every year. Because people see them in so imposing a place—imposing, indeed!—they believe them to be superexcellent. Here, again, are good critics wanted, although, as regards this branch of art, an occasional intelligent notice is given. But the masses need something better than spasmodic instruction, and until they get it they will continue in midnight darkness, groping for the good things they know ought to be in their midst, only to bump up forever against the same inartistic daubs. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions, for we can boast of some excellent works. I speak of the majority, which are bad indeed.

Philadelphia has always been a target for the arrows of the sarcastic journalist; but let him look to himself. There will come a day when, thoroughly awake to her small failings, she will throw off the self-repression which has hitherto been her bane, and burst into such a blaze of progression as will put her sister States to confusion; for when Philadelphia does undertake something new, she does it in a superior manner. The academy concert stands out as evidence of philanthropy and originality, and as reactions are always inclined to be extreme, I should not be surprised if before long she should become nonsensical and eccentric in a craze for novelty.

Mark my words, there will be a fearful upheaval, in which I trust the old Thursday concerts will survive the wreck, for "with all their faults I love them still."

Although in an artistic light they are not above criticism, they are meritorious enough to be desirable. They attract crowds who instead of passing a purposeless afternoon are brought under the refining and improving influence of art—a subtle influence which they are scarcely aware of, but which is sure to tell in the end. Rich men leaving large sums to charity overlook entirely the charity of music. The love of music in the human race is God-given. Every heart responds to it in a greater or less degree. Even the drunkard has his bacchanalian songs, and the little ragamuffins in the street stand in delighted awe around the hand-organ. Why, a free concert once a week to these poor wretches now living their musicless—I can hardly say artless—lives, would be a priceless blessing. See how they throng now near the band in the park on Sunday afternoons. Then think of the additional enjoyment of looking at pictures—not necessarily high works of art, but realistic representations of daily sights. How much instruction could be conveyed to their darkened minds by this humanizing process, and who knows how much native talent might be brought out from least-expected quarters? The world thus might be the better for another Raphael or Beethoven. It would be in the possibilities. There are doubtless long lines of unhonored graves containing those who, lacking the opportunity, might have been amongst the world's great ones.

Louisa Lear Eyre.

TRAGEDIES.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

Two kinds there are: the one theatric, bold,
A murder, maybe, horrible to see,
Lives lost by fire or flood, and bodies cold
That speak some tale of awful agony;

The other, mumming 'neath a milder name:
A human soul that as the days go by
Sinks deeper down into some pit of shame,
Yet knows the stars shine silverly and high.

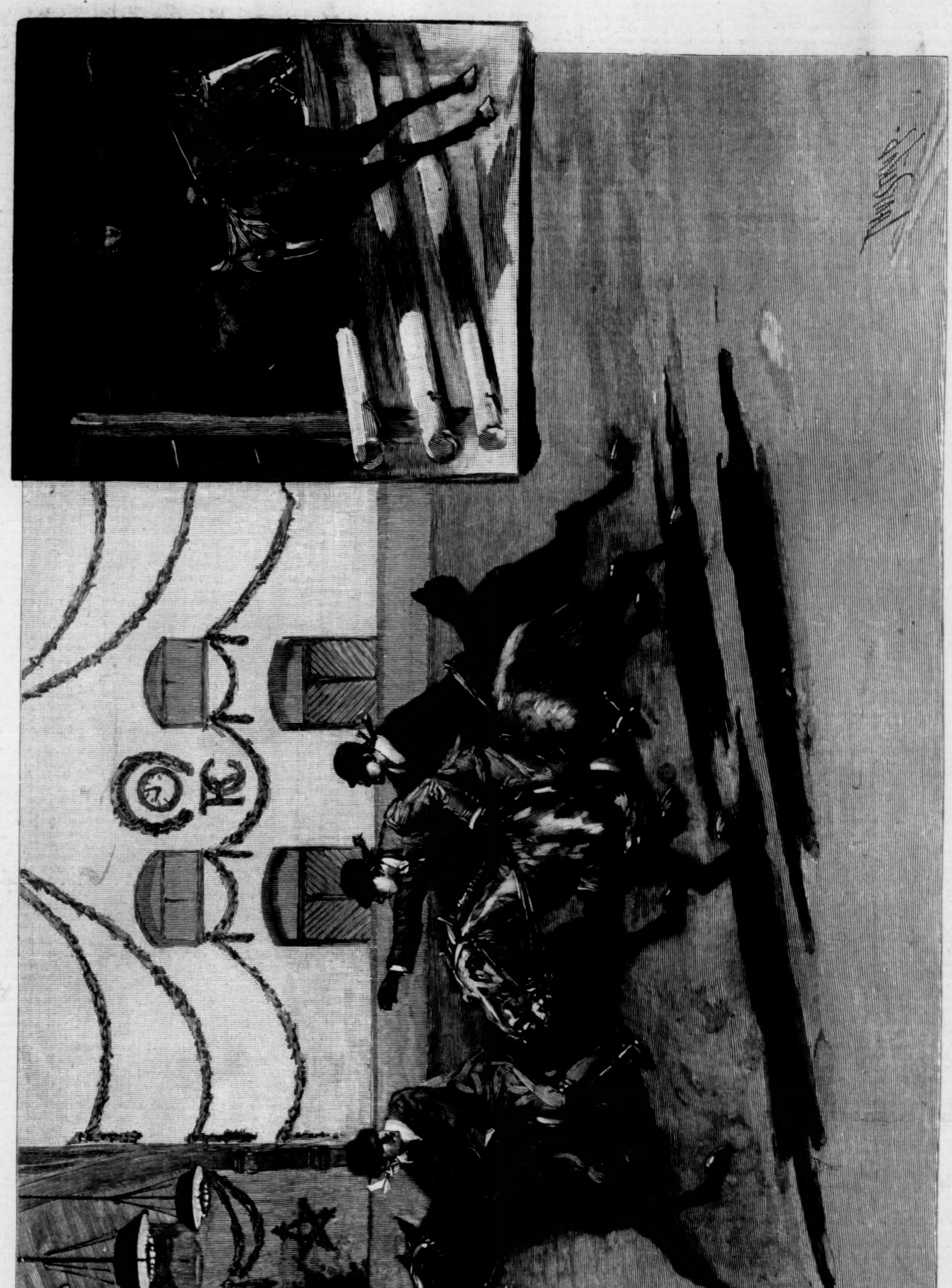
THE BRAYTON IVES COLLECTION.

Everybody knows that many of the best pictures that have been painted in Europe in the past fifty years are in this country, and we have grown accustomed in New York to seeing these works changing hands at the great sales, going from one collection to another, and not infrequently being taken back to the countries from whence they came, there to be put in the state museums. Our collectors are known to be liberal and enterprising, and it has come to be a common saying in Paris that "everything goes to America." We have not had much proof of this in other things than pictures, however, but now since the splendid collection of Mr. Brayton Ives was exhibited at the American Art Galleries in Twenty-Third Street, we can see that some of the treasures of the world in books, manuscripts, Oriental porcelains, lacquers, and arms have been brought here too, and the sale of them last week must attract the attention of amateurs on both sides of the Atlantic. There was the famous copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with types, in two volumes, with the original binding. It is a splendid and beautiful book and "a pearl of great price," for another copy was sold recently in London for $25,000. This copy is almost perfect, for there are but seventeen leaves in fac-simile in the two volumes of 641 leaves. And there was John Eliot's translation of the Bible in the Indian language, printed at Cambridge in 1663, of which there were only twenty copies printed like this one, with the dedication to King Charles. It is absolutely perfect, and has been bound in levant, and enclosed in a fine case of blue English morocco. And what could be more beautiful in the way of a book than this by Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ?* The Latin text and the Flemish version are printed in black-letter, and there are illuminated initial letters and pictures and borders. A grand work is *The History of the Jewish War*, by Flavius Josephus, published in Paris in 1492 by A. Verard, printed on vellum, with no less than one hundred and forty-three pictures; and another is the *Virgilii Opera*, printed by Vindelin de Spira at Venice in 1470, one of the rarest books in the world, and perhaps second in importance in this collection to the Gutenberg Bible. The manuscripts were numerous and beautiful, some of the Books of Hours written on vellum by French artists being the most delightful works of art of their kind imaginable. The finest illuminated manuscript, however, in this collection was an English one, the *Horæ Pembrochianæ*, written for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and known as the "Pembroke Missal." There are very few in existence anywhere that equal it, and probably nowhere outside of the British Museum is there a manuscript of English execution so important or so perfect or so fine.

Next in interest to the books and manuscripts, and first in artistic beauty, was the magnificent lot of Japanese swords, with the "State Sword," No. 460, with its splendid blade three feet long, made by Kanetsugu, of the province of Soshiu, in 1690, the finest among them all, and there are one hundred and fourteen of them. This part of the collection, including the sword guards, of which there are more than seventy, is particularly fine. Among the porcelains, of course, the "peachblow" vase (No. 669) of the Kanghe era, 1661–1722, is the *clou* of the collection; but such beautiful specimens as the jar in blue and white (No. 33), the vase of ovoid form in blue and white (No. 46), and the blue and white semi-egg-shell vase (No. 51), should be noted. And then the beautiful lacquers, the most artistic little objects of art, such as antique pouches, gold ornaments, knife handles, metal boxes, and what not, and a flawless crystal ball, $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, a very rare specimen indeed. There was a large collection of carved jades, crystals, and other hard stones, and a number of ivory carvings. The total number of pieces in the Ives collection in all classes was eighteen hundred and sixty-three. The catalogue of the books and manuscripts, printed by the De Vinne Press, deserves to be mentioned for its completeness and the good style in which it is got up.

William A. Coffin.

A THURSDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.—[See Page 207.]



"JEU DE BARRE" AT THE RIDING CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 211.]

EDWARD HARRIGAN AND THE EAST SIDE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THERE are a Few Hundred people in New York who do not fully appreciate Mr. Harrigan and the goods he gives them. They are greatly to be pitied. And yet it is no more strange if they fail to understand Mr. Reilly and his queer friends of the east side, than it would be if the young men and the young women of Hester Street should view Beau Brummel from the gallery, and should dismiss him as a "dood," and should consider his refusal to dine with a duke as a rather tame climax on which to ring down the curtain. They would consider Mr. Harrigan's method of bringing the act to a close with a "scrap," in which every one tries to roll over every one else as a much more natural and human situation. And just as they would fail to understand Mr. Clyde Fitch's *mot*, that the young men of fashion spend their time between London and Paris "at Calais," so would the Few Hundred fail to see why the gallery should laugh when Mr. Harrigan hopes Roundsman Moran may never have a Boulevard beat. It is their misfortune, not the fault of Mr. Fitch or Mr. Harrigan. Those who go to Harrigan's only to be amused fail to get the full value of their money, for Mr. Harrigan has been for the last fifteen years doing more than simply amusing people; he has been reproducing and delineating New York, so that New-Yorkers can come and look at themselves and their flats and their elevated roads and their shops and their tenements. He has done what others have tried to do with pens and pencils, but he has not done it in an occasional magazine article, or a society novel or a sketch in black and white in an illustrated paper, but with live men and women, talking as the men and women he studies talk, and doing the humorous or pathetic or commonplace things he sees them do in the markets and on the stoops and at the street corners.

The story of New York, with all its wonderful variety of life and ugly picturesqueness, has perhaps yet to be told by the writer; and such artists as those who show Paris and London, and who can distinguish with a few strokes of the pencil the costermonger from the longshoreman, and the Whitechapel tough from the "docker," have yet to take New York seriously. They would rather draw the Russian Jew in Siberia than in Baxter Street, or the Anglomaniac fashion plate of the Avenue than the smooth-shaven, short-haired Whyo of Cherry Hill. Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner have shown us the life of the respectability of the cross streets and the west end, Mr. H. C. Bunner the French quarter around Washington Square, Mrs. Burton Harrison has told us of the Few Hundred, and Mr. Blakely Hall has drawn the clubman and the rounder and the life of the cafés. And Edward Harrigan has become the prophet of the east side, and has made it live and breathe and talk and fight. He may not be the great American playwright, but he has drawn the lower half and the broader life of New York more truly and more dramatically than any one else has ever done it or is likely to. His plays will not live; they are not meant to. They are written year by year, and grow old and out of date as quickly as the fashions and the current slang. But while they live they are the mirror of the times. The shooting clubs with their targets, of which the *Mulligan Guards* were a copy, gave way to the Salvation Army, which scoured the streets in the days of *McSorley's Inflation*, and these and the shanties of *Squatter Sovereignty* have been followed by the dances at Casey's Hall, and the lineman with his deadly electric wire, which brings the story in *Reilly and the 400* unpleasantly up to date. The shooting clubs have disappeared; we have clam-chowder clubs now with members who ride on Tally-hos in high white hats, the Salvationists have ceased to haunt the streets, and the goats and the shanties have been driven north before the advance of the ten-story apartment-house and the janitor. All things change in New York, and Harrigan's plays change with them. They are essentially *fin de siècle*, and follow the evolutions from day to day with the fidelity of a reporter or a snap-shot camera. Other managers have imported their melodrama from London, their comedies from Paris, and farce from Berlin, but Mr. Harrigan has taken his material from around about him, and his cast of characters on the programme reads like a selection from the names in the New York directory.

He began fifteen years ago, and in that time he has shown us every phase of life on the east side and in the living heart of the city, and he has always shown it well. Sometimes it is the Washington Market on Saturday night, with the butchers in their white aprons, and the flaring kerosene lamps, and the moving crowds of working-people bargaining before the stalls for their Sunday dinner; or the Italian rag-pickers and "trimmers" of the mud scows dancing under the dumps at the foot of Rivington Street; or the colored people of Darkest New York, as Mr. Harrigan calls the Eighth Ward, giving a ball to their pet militia company, "the Skidmore Guards"; or the Irish-Americans going up the North River on a Starin excursion boat for a picnic; or the Polish Jews of Baxter Street haggling in front of the second-hand clothing stores, and importuning the stranger from New Jersey; or it is a night in the Willow Garden, with the gamblers and sporting men of the winter tracks, and the women of their class, and the panic that follows when the sergeant blows his whistle and the place is "pulled" by the police.

Whatever part of the east side he selects, or whichever one of the many foreign races he draws, Mr. Harrigan's touch is always true and sure. To those who never go below Fourteenth Street or east of Madison Avenue, he must often seem exaggerated; but that is due to their inexperience, not because Mr. Harrigan has failed to read human nature correctly. If one doubts that an Irish laborer would want to kill his foreman because that gentleman placed him on the pay-roll as an Italian, one must remember that it was only six months ago that two Irish boys tried to blow up the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square simply because some one had told them that Garibaldi was a "dago." As a historian of the war of the races, Mr. Harrigan makes no mistakes. And this same inexperience causes the spectator from up-town to miss many of Harrigan's best points. And he has to remember, for instance, the colored man's failing for policy to join in the laugh from the gallery when Salvator Magnus says he has "no use for readin' or writin', but he's terrible keen at numbers"; and he must know that the sporting gentleman who is always going to Jersey City "ter see a fight" appeals sympathetically to a large class who believe that that city is only tolerated on the map as a place for "gos." And he must also be a genuine New-Yorker to enjoy the fact that Sir William and Lady Isabelle "are detained in the lower bay by fog."

The best instance of Mr. Harrigan's fidelity in showing the lower life of the city that he has given us for some time is the scene in *Reilly and the 400*, when he presents the dance at Casey's Hall.

Every character on in this scene, although there is not a dozen lines among as many of them, is a careful, striking study. The fireman who has slipped in from the engine house on Oak Street; the sailor "on leave" from the Brooklyn Navy-yard; the recruiting sergeant from the office at New Chambers Street and Park Row; the genial drunken man with a Guttenburg race-track ticket dangling from his button-hole; the "Champion light-weight of Cherry Hill, with a record of two knock-outs and a drower," who is bullied by his sister; and Emma Pollock's Maggie Murphy, who works in a paper-box factory, and pays her mother's room rent in Donovan's Flats, and who "doesn't take chills flirting with boys in the hallways," but who has Richard Moran, the roundsman, for "steady"—they are just the people who would go to a dance at Casey's Hall, and they act just as they would act when they reached there.

It is only when Mr. Harrigan tries to present the Four Hundred that he shows instead how far the east is from the west, and fails. He would do well to leave all that to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Daly, and keep to the east side, where he knows every street corner and every new catchword, and where he is the master.

It is only as a delineator of New York that Mr. Harrigan is considered here, and it is not necessary to say how good a comedian he is or how able a stage-manager. He not only plays the part he has set down for himself naturally and with delightful ease and humor, but he draws as nearly good results from every member of his company. Each member of Mr. Harrigan's company plays many parts, and versatility must be his or her strong point. The youth who pawns his overcoat in the first act of *Reilly and the 400* graduates into an English coachman before the curtain falls on it, and changes to a colored sailor in the second, and becomes a member of the Four Hundred in the third. This is the rule with the minor people, but there are two or three others who are each associated with but one character, which, whether under the name of Mrs. Mulligan or Mrs. Dooley, or Luckmuller or Smeltz, or Salvator Magnus or the "Cap't" of the Skidmore Guards, has been and will always be very dear to all true New-Yorkers. We really could not get along without Mrs. Yeamans. We could never replace her coquetry or her brogue or her red wig, and her bashful wiggle and shiver of pleasure when she is told how beautiful she is. She makes such an excellent foil to Harrigan with her excited, bustling garrulousness, the opposite at every point to the star's calm, easy confidences.

And John Wild, whom it is very hard to believe has really as white a face as his portrait shows, we could not very well do without him. There is no one else who combines his gallant susceptibility to woman, and his disregard for the ownership of hats and overcoats, and who can show such shocked surprise when some other gentleman's boots are found upon his feet; and with what philosophic content he accepts and excuses the fact that "a man's got to keep a-lying to live two lives"! These two, and Harry Fisher, George Merritt, Dan Burke, and several others, have been with Mr. Harrigan long enough to make them part of each of his successes, and it is to be hoped they will continue to share in those to follow. But the hit of the present play was not made by any one of those old favorites to whom we look for that, but by a new-comer, Miss Ada Lewis, the young girl who woke on the morning after the first night of *Reilly and the 400* to read the papers and find herself famous. She plays Kittie Lynch, but nobody knows that, for it is as "the tough girl" that she is recognized, and as the tough girl that she will be remembered. A success in this small "bit" is all the more remarkable, because the part consists of only some fifteen lines crowded into five minutes of the first act. But with these few lines and her make up and her dancing and pantomime throughout the rest of the play, Miss Lewis has created a part as entertaining as Jenny Hill's 'Arriet, and as pitilessly true to life as Mr. Richard Mansfield's Baron Chevrial.

The girl of Cherry Street and the police courts, who emulates the slang and walk of her "feller," has never been shown so vividly on the stage, if it has ever been attempted, as Miss Lewis does it. And yet the part is not repulsive, but rather decidedly humorous, and those who have recognized the tough girl in the last act among the Four Hundred will not be surprised to see from her portrait that she is distinctly pretty.

Now that Mr. Harrigan has his own company around him again, with their ideas of "starring" satisfied for the time being at least, and his new theatre, and a new play on and one promised, there is no reason why he should not move more smoothly than ever before over the road of success, and unless he wanders from the east side to the "sweet shady side" of the Avenue, there is no reason why he should not stay there. But he should always keep in mind that for him the road of success lies along or very near the Bowery.

THE UNION OF SIXTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

THERE are tall buildings to the east—tall clean buildings that smile in the sunlight, and even manage to look cheerful when it rains. There are lower buildings to the west—lower and gloomier, and always shadowed by the elevated tracks. On all sides are the streets and sidewalks, never really clean, and generally disgracefully dirty. But not so dirty to the east as to the west. For again the elevated tracks interfere, and make dark shadows, and almost seem to breed swamp-like exhalations in rainy weather.

In the midst is this one little spot of green, this triangle of the country in the midst of the city. It is surrounded by an iron fence. The apex points to the north, and the sweeping currents of the two great thoroughfares that cross there seem to split and whirl about it. Broadway bounds it on the west, Sixth Avenue on the east, and Thirty-third Street cuts off its northernmost end. It seems as though it might have been larger, much larger, at one time, and that as the city grew the grass-plot shrunk, cut now on this side, now on that, until only these few feet, large enough for a grave or so, were left. A stunted and unhappy cedar stands in one corner, two or three bushes are scattered about, and a line of feeble trees guards the Broadway side. It is not much of a place, and yet if you look at it from the loftiness of an elevated train, see it nestled among the tall buildings, and surrounded by the mud of Broadway on the one side, and the morass of Sixth Avenue on the other, it will strike you strangely. It is so small, so useless, and yet so pleasant to look upon! It might indeed be a grave. It is so like a hush in the crash and roar of the great highways on either side. If you lean over the fence almost any day when the ground is not covered with snow, you will detect the faint fresh odor of fertile and producing soil that makes the whole charm of a country breeze on a spring day. For the grass is always green there; straggling and discouraged in winter, livelier in summer, but always green.

That fence is a good place for a man to lean against when he wants to observe a great city under full swing. For though Broadway, the metropolitan, the world-embracing, crosses many streets in its curving, it passes none so unique as Sixth Avenue. There is a certain dinginess about Sixth Avenue that it never shakes off in its whole course. It is to the west side what Third Avenue is to the east side. It stands at the edge of a descent in the social scale. Broadway is for the whole city. Fifth Avenue for the rich. Fourth Avenue and the others between for the moderately well off, as that is taken in New York. Third and Sixth avenues are for the gradations from this. The people of the streets to the rear use these avenues for their pleasure-ground—for promenading, for their shopping when they have more money to spend than usual. But Sixth Avenue regards itself as aristocratic beside Third Avenue. Third Avenue does not think much about it, and does not know much about Sixth Avenue.

So when Sixth Avenue rushes across Broadway, it is a curious meeting, and the character of each is somewhat changed. This grass-plot at Thirty-third Street is the place for observation therefore; and the time is the hour of darkness, when almost any city street looks better, as any artificial thing looks better in an artificial light. If it is a rainy night, so much the better, if you yourself are guarded against the weather. This little grass-plot will then be almost hidden in the darkness, covered by the deep shadow of the elevated tracks. The rain is falling, as it does sometimes in New York, with a mournful, drizzling persistence that suggests an eternal downpour. Up and down Broadway you see the electric lights flashing and gleaming, each with a luminous mist about it. Umbrella-bearing crowds are moving rapidly—in and out of the restaurants, theatreward, amusement bent. In the streets are the colored lamps of the cars, the yellow eyes of carriages; and as the docked and spirited horses pass you see faintly through the rain-dashed windows women in handsome evening bravery. Their eyes shine out from gauze-like head-coverings. There is something surpassingly attractive about the sight of a woman in evening dress in a closed carriage on a dreary rainy night.

This scene of light is pierced just in front of you by the dark line of the elevated tracks and supports, plunging from its gloom on the one side into its shadow on the other, and the buildings and sidewalks of Sixth Avenue seem to take their color from it. A train rushes along, a thing of life and light in mid-air; a great burst of white smoke whirls downward; two red eyes that keep watch on the track behind grow dim in the rain and the mist. There is a dash of cinders mixed with the rain, and a stifling breath of anthracite gas.

There are cabs on either side of your oasis. This rainy night the horses droop miserably under their oil-cloth covers; the cabmen lean against the fence, and chat together. They smoke short pipes, which are shielded by the rims of their water-proof hats; they chaff the girls who pass by alone; and forcibly entreat half-intoxicated men, who roll along unmindful of the rain or of aught else melancholy. Out of the side streets into Sixth Avenue from this neighborhood come all sorts of strange, interesting people. That great minority of men and women who are trying to steady their barks on the uncertain sea of adventure.

Here live chorus girls and second-rate actresses and "about town" people of all kinds. They pass and repass your grass-plot, sometimes straying into Broadway, but keeping, for the most part, to their dingy avenue. These girls have short curly hair generally, and bright, keen eyes, and ready tongues. They range all the way in both directions from doubtful respectability; they are self-reliant and man-like in many ways; they have learned not to be bashful in asking things of an inattentive world. To be rid of the shop or the factory, and to live in their own flat, is their dream; loss of youth and poverty is their horror. Sometimes they realize the dream; the horror they never miss. But some of them manage to stave it off a good while. They are always laughing loudly, gayly, in the streets; the smiles never leave their faces, and their ranks never decrease.

Then here are the men who prowl on Sixth Avenue, affecting a certain cheap and imitated style. They live no one knows exactly how; they haunt Sixth Avenue saloons and restaurants, and spend a good deal of money. The Sixth Avenue girls get on well with them, and admire them intensely. You who are respectable and well-meaning, and certain of the source of your daily bread, would not stand a chance beside them. They too have diamonds and better clothes, and a lucky day at the winter race tracks is their ambition.

If you linger at this corner until the lights of Broadway grow dimmer as the theatre crowds depart, until the elevated tracks grow gloomier with less relief from the light of passing trains, until the cab drivers retreat to their cabs for a little sleep, you will still not be alone in the rain. One man will remain. You have seen him there and elsewhere. He is the man who watches all night, who stands in the corner or under the projection of a door frame, who stands and stands and nothing more. His hands are always in his pockets, and his body moves but to shift its weight from one leg to the other. All night long he stands silent, solitary, and impassive. You have seen him on many corners, in many cities, at all hours of the night. But neither you nor any one else has yet found out why he stands and gazes out over the silent streets. The policeman does not know what he is waiting for. He is the homeless watcher in this great city not of homes, as the sister city is called, but of first-floor fronts. He has not even a first-floor front.

MARSHALL FIELD.

PROBABLY nine persons out of ten in Chicago and the Northwest, if asked who was the most distinguished figure in commerce in that important section of the country, would, without hesitation, reply, "Marshall Field." His prominence there is even greater than was that of A. T. Stewart in the metropolis and the East twenty-five years ago. Those interested in certain leading branches of trade in the city by the lake might suggest one or two parallels, but as the character of Mr. Field's business, aside from its volume, brings him with greater frequency to the mind of the general retail merchant and of the public at large, especially womankind, his pre-eminence in the respect noted may be considered safely established.

The wonderful growth of the Northwest within the last thirty or forty years presented at Chicago an opportunity for a rapid and extended development of trade such as the world has never before known, and perhaps

will never experience again. With a water barrier stretching three hundred miles to the north against the continuity of east and west railroads, the young city held the key to the land transportation of merchandise to a vast area of more or less fertile and life-sustaining territory that was constantly being filled with a productive population, which seemed to advance with each decennial census by gigantic leaps. The men whose foresight, capacity, and readiness to appreciate the situation enabled them to properly keep pace with and supply the mercantile wants of this repeatedly doubling community reaped rich rewards. Foremost among them was the subject of this sketch. His success did not come from the absence of competitors. They were numerous enough, but in him the man and the occasion notably met.

Marshall Field was born in Conway, Massachusetts, fifty-six years ago, and came from good Puritan stock. His American ancestry dates back to about 1650. His father was a farmer, and the son led the life of a New England country boy, receiving a common-school and academy education, and partaking generally of that class of early experiences that have been especially prolific in producing successful men. At the age of seventeen he went to Pittsfield, in his native State, and took his first step in the life of a merchant. He served there as clerk in a dry-goods establishment for four years, and manifested an aptness in his chosen calling that was doubtless gratifying to his employers. But his views reached beyond the confines of that "pent-up Utica," and in January, 1856, he migrated to Chicago, which then held forth not a little promise of its future greatness. Entering into the employ of Cooley, Wadsworth, & Co., dry-goods merchants, on South Water Street, his services proved valuable enough to insure him, in 1860, four years afterward, a membership in the firm, which soon became known as Cooley, Farwell, & Co., and later, as Farwell, Field, & Co. This partnership being subsequently dissolved, Mr. Field, in 1865, with Potter Palmer and L. Z. Leiter, formed the firm of Field, Palmer, & Leiter. Mr. Palmer dropped out in 1867, and the already immense and growing affairs of the house were conducted for fourteen years, until 1881, under the name of Field, Lieter, & Co. Then Mr. Field bought out Mr. Lieter's interest, and the present title of Marshall Field & Co. was adopted. There are several persons possessing minor interests, the principal of whom is H. N. Higginbotham, who has charge of the credits. The partners spoken of above who have retired all left with very full pockets. This was conspicuously the case with Potter Palmer and L. Z. Leiter; and recently Mr. Field's brother, Henry, who was also a retired member, died leaving an estate reported to be worth two million dollars.

In 1871, or just before the great fire, the sales of Field, Leiter, & Co. amounted to about $8,000,000 a year; those of Marshall Field & Co. now reach the enormous sum of $35,000,000. When the disaster that laid the commercial part of Chicago in ashes occurred, the entire business of the firm was carried on in a single large building at the corner of State and Washington streets, and the value of its property destroyed was $3,500,000, on which the owners succeeded in collecting $2,500,000 insurance. Temporary quarters were almost immediately secured in the large street-car stables on the corner of State and Twentieth streets, and were quickly filled with both goods and customers. The destroyed edifice on State and Washington was replaced by a fine and thoroughly well planned new structure, which was thereafter devoted exclusively to the retail trade, while a very large building was erected at Madison and Market streets for the accommodation of the wholesale department. Thus the fire, instead of crippling or discouraging the firm in any way, seemed to have the effect of doubling its confidence as well as its capacity. In 1887 Marshall Field & Co. moved their wholesale business into its present abode, built expressly for it, on Adams Street. This is a massive stone edifice occupying a whole block. It is an ornament to Chicago, and is considered by many the best model of commercial architecture extant. Plain, though imposing, it conveys the impression of strength, solidity, and fine proportion.

The individual who can direct the rise of and hold in intelligent control a business of $35,000,000 a year, reaching from beyond the Alps to the other side of the Rocky Mountains—for it involves branch houses in England, France, and Germany—must possess, aside from mercantile foresight and sagacity, remarkable powers of organization, and of judging the men through whom he must necessarily act. These qualities Mr. Field has in an eminent degree. He commands with masterly success an army in constant active service, and did he wear a sword the world would be quick to call him great. One who can thus marshal the growing forces and resources of civilization as they are developed, and use them promptly in his service, keep abreast in the line of his operations with the demands of a rapidly increasing population throughout a vast region, possesses qualities of mind quite equal to if different in some respects from those of the foremost statesman and soldier, and as the paths of peace and productiveness gradually gain precedence over those of military and political strife, such abilities as his gain recognition accordingly.

Those who, waiving the matter of possible differences in energy and brains, seek in Mr. Field's career for the rules of success with a view to profiting thereby, will find them simple and on the lines of well-tried and old-time maxims. There is not an employé in his establishments who does not understand that honesty is the policy that must be strictly adhered to. There must be no misrepresentation of goods, and promises must be carefully kept. Shorter credits are given than is the practice in most business houses, and purchases both at home and abroad are made for cash. The advantages so accruing are shared with customers, who are thus attracted and retained. In the internal management of the business the fidelity of subordinates is promoted by the knowledge that good service means advancement as opportunity opens, and that no other kind will be tolerated. Faithfulness is further enhanced by the interest taken by the employer in the personal welfare of the deserving. This is repeatedly manifested in various ways—notably on occasions of sickness. The result is a body of willing employés; and one man that labors *con amore* is worth two or more that have to be prodded. The conditions that have produced for a single house a trade of the volume mentioned and constantly enlarging may not be exhaustively stated in the above, but they are substantially as set forth.

Mr. Field is slightly above the medium height, is somewhat spare in figure, and has a refined and intelligent countenance. His hair and mustache are white, and his appearance is decidedly prepossessing. He was married in 1863 to Miss Nannie Scott, daughter of Robert Scott, a prominent iron-master of Ironton, Ohio, and has two children, a son and daughter, both married. In his political views, though he takes no marked part in public affairs, he is essentially a mugwump. His own business experience is calculated to strengthen his approval of civil service reform principles, as well as to lead him to favor a change in the tariff laws. He is a Presbyterian in his religious predilections, but is not a communicant. Estimates as to the size of very great fortunes are nearly always largely guess-work, but it is of interest to know that close friends of Mr. Field place his wealth at present at about $30,000,000. His investments cover a wide variety of property. A very considerable portion of them are in real estate. He is also interested in a number of the large railways of the country, and has valuable stores of stocks and bonds.

A particularly noticeable trait of Mr Field's character is modesty. He is of a retiring disposition, and shrinks from newspaper notoriety. Anything like ostentation in charity he studiously avoids. Though he contributes freely to worthy objects, he has pronounced views in the matter of giving, and is careful not to add to the indiscriminate benevolence that often does more harm than good. His desire is to avoid any responsibility for blunting endeavor or for encouraging idleness. He assists in practically all the commendable movements of a public character in his city requiring funds. As instances, he recently gave a plot of ground worth $100,000 for the building of the Baptist university about to be instituted in Chicago, with the important aid of Mr. Rockefeller. To the Manual Training School of the same city he gave $20,000. His list of personal beneficiaries is very large, and no one who has any kind of real claim upon him is disregarded. The extent of what he does in this respect the world, doubtless, will never know. It is not his practice to figure conspicuously at the head of subscription papers, or to be personally conspicuous anywhere, but his gifts of all kinds in the course of a year amount to a large aggregate. He is a member of most of the principal clubs, but cannot be called a club-man. Thoughtful and perhaps somewhat reserved in manner, he is kindly, genial, and entirely approachable, and there is nothing about him to indicate that his personality is at all affected by his extraordinary wealth—a wealth albeit coming mainly from systematic, long-continued, legitimate business methods, and not through the exercise of the art of making something out of nothing by the watering of stocks and the juggling with securities.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

An event of no little importance to army and navy officers was the breaking of ground for a new United Service Club house in Washington. It marks an era of progress in the growth of this club, and the appropriate time to set forth the purpose and necessity of its existence.

There is always a large gathering of army and navy officers in Washington. Many are for several years on duty at the seat of government; many are there for a few days or weeks receiving orders to distant points; while still others, having completed their years of active service, are settled there to enjoy the balance of their lives as close and interested observers of those following in their footsteps. To all of these something more than the usual gentleman's club is almost a necessity. Were this not so the United Service Club would never have existed; for the older officers can seek the dignified luxury of the Metropolitan, and the younger, the pastimes of the Meridan or of the Columbia Athletic, while to those of scientific inclination, the doors of the Cosmos are hospitably open. In all of these an army or a navy officer will find congenial friends and good cheer, with all the material benefits of club life; but he needs a something higher, a something peculiar to his training and mode of life. He wants to have around him not friends and comforts only, but much more—veterans who will inspire him to emulate their illustrious deeds, comrades who are endeared to him by ties of privations and dangers mutually endured, or others whose exploits excite him to friendly rivalry, trophies which will continually remind him of glorious achievements and fire him with enthusiasm for his high calling.

To this end the United Service Club at Washington now exists. Its object, above all things, is to foster that *esprit de corps* which is so essential to an efficient army and navy. It has, in fact, the identical purpose of *Le Cercle Militaire* in Paris, and no better definition of that purpose can be found than in the first article of the constitution of that club:

"To tighten between the officers of all branches of the army and navy the bonds of a cordial comradeship; to facilitate the means of developing their general knowledge, and to procure for them material comforts in keeping with the simplicity of military life."

In defining those who are eligible for membership, the founders of the club were evidently guided by the intention that it should have a higher purpose than that of mere social gatherings, as the following extract from the by-laws will show:

"Commissioned officers and ex-commissioned officers of the army, navy, and marine corps of the United States, regular or volunteer members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the United Sates, and graduates of the United States Military Academy and of the United States Naval Academy, who shall have been honorably discharged the service, are eligible to membership.

"The President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy shall be honorary members of the club, and not subject to any admission fees or annual dues."

Here, then, there will be a commingling of men (and of their descendants) who fought for the Union with those who are trained to fight for it should necessity arise again. Especially fortunate is it that men who, having served as officers, have since chosen other walks in life are eligible to membership, for it insures those cordial relations between military men and civilians which are so desirable in this republic.

The following list of the present Board of Managers will still further illustrate this harmonious and fortunate blending:

Elected January, 1891, for one year.—President, General Schofield, U. S. Army. Vice-President, Colonel Hosmer, U. S. Volunteers. Treasurer, Paymaster Carmody, U. S. Navy. Secretary, Lieutenant Denny, U. S. Marine Corps.

The composition of the Board of Directors is as follows:

Elected January, 1889, for three years.—General Ordway, U. S. Volunteers. Lieutenant Nicholson, U. S. Navy. Mr. P. E. Chapin, Loyal Legion.

Elected January, 1890, for three years.—Lieutenant Bliss, U. S. Army. Lieutenant Fechteler, U. S. Navy. Mr. D. R. Case, ex-naval officer.

Elected January, 1891, for three years.—Chief Engineer Fletcher, U. S. Navy. General Breckenbridge, U. S. Army. Mr. O. C. Green, Order of Cincinnati.

Many members of Congress, having been commissioned officers during the civil war, are eligible to membership. Some have availed themselves of their eligibility and joined.

Army and navy officers abroad are treated with the greatest courtesy, and they are so treated because they are considered as representing our government. No allowances are made them for returning such courtesies when foreign officers visit the United States; and as individual entertainment is precluded by the smallness of their salaries, a club offers the readiest solution to the difficulty. When distinguished officers of the Brazilian navy visited Washington last winter, officers there felt keenly the lack of a commodious and appropriate club-house at which to fittingly entertain them. Such a visit on a grander scale will occur in 1893, upon the occasion of the great international review in commemoration of the voyage of Columbus, and it should be a source of congratulation to all officers that they will then be in a situation to receive their guests worthily.

The new club house is beautifully situated on Farragut Square, corner of Connecticut Avenue and I Street. Of course many factors entered into the choice of the site, but naval officers are to be especially congratulated upon the result; for them it is simply ideal. The bronze statue of the grandest figure in American naval history faces the club, and seems to look with approbation upon its existence and purpose.

THE RIDING CLUB.

JUNIOR JUMPING CONTESTS.

If the children of the present generation do not grow up to be accomplished, vigorous, and healthful members of society, it will certainly be from no lack of opportunity to acquire the requisite training to that end. This is indeed a progressive age, and in no field does it give greater evidence than in that of recreation. When those of us that now with admiration follow the movements of the children were youngsters, the wildest dissipation of our play hours was bounded by the whip-top, marbles, and the game of prisoner's base. To-day the school-boy spurns the marbles for the more vigorous play of foot-ball, or he has his pony saddled and goes out for a brisk trot. Our recollections of equestrianism are confined to occasional stolen interviews, made possible by liberally bribing the coachman, with one of the carriage horses, whose pile-driving gait was very apt to dissolve all latent ambition for riding.

We don't know that the boys of to-day look any healthier than we did; certainly we cannot be expected to acknowledge them any stronger or more active; but assuredly they have practical instruction interwoven with their struggles with fractions and grammatical construction that we were obliged to acquire later in life by experience. With the girls it is different; they have immeasurable advantages over those that stood by watching our boyish games. They move with a freedom and elasticity of action of which girls of even ten years ago knew nothing. Their color is fresh, and bespeaks good digestion and restful slumber.

And whence come all these benefits if not from athletic indulgence? Of all the many kinds of exercise there is absolutely nothing that equals riding for either man, woman, or child. Legs, stomach, back, all are called upon for action, and all are strengthened. The country lad has always had the advantage over his city cousin so far as riding is

SENATOR JOHN M. PALMER.

concerned, but developments in the past few years have gone a long way toward equalizing matters. The greatest boon to the New York youngster is that his father should be a member of The Riding Club. If he is thus favored he may learn to ride correctly, and in surroundings that must have a refining influence. But this junior element is only a most incidental feature of the club.

About ten years ago, when riding was beginning to be taken up by New-Yorkers, The Riding Club was formed by a dozen gentlemen. The original idea was a riding-school where their wives and daughters would be certain to receive proper instruction and enjoy the seclusion afforded by the club feature. The success of the innovation—for such indeed it must be called—was instantaneous, and a rush was made for membership that, had the committee been so disposed, the limit would have been reached in short order. The first club-house was unpretentious, and entirely inadequate to the demands made upon it; but when the present home on Fifty-eighth Street was completed, the club feature was considerably extended. Reading and reception rooms were added, and a restaurant established. In consequence, the club to-day is probably as much frequented by its members as any one in the city, possibly more so. Every afternoon at five it becomes the rendezvous for the gentlemen coming up from down-town. Music is furnished and tea is served, and riding either in the club ring or Park follows, according to the weather.

Too much could not be said in praise of the good the club has done in this city. It has furnished protection to the wife and daughter of a member that it is absolutely out of the question for them to get in any of the riding-schools, and it has taught them to ride gracefully and well. This winter for the first time a series of jumping contests for the juniors—children of members—has been introduced, with most gratifying results; while to make the interest keener, handsome silver cups for the winners have been offered by several of the members. The contests continue for five weeks, a meeting being held every Saturday night, at which all the entries perform, and are allotted blue, red, yellow, white, and green ribbons, counting 20, 16, 12, 8, and 4 points respectively. On the final night the one that has gained the greatest number of points, given, of course, for general horsemanship, is declared the champion, and wins the cup.

The hands and seat of these youngsters, that range from nine and ten years of age up to fifteen, are truly remarkable, while the skill displayed in negotiating the jumps would be creditable in the hunting-field. In the competitions there are generally two hurdles of three feet, arranged for an in and out jump, and bars five feet high. Far and away the most interesting performance of the youngsters, however, is the game of *jeu de barre*, represented in the illustration, which is generally played after the competitions. It is practically tag on horseback, and yet still more than that. It is played by three boys at a time. Each one has a rosette of different color attached to his right shoulder. It is decided between them which one shall be pursued, and he advances to the centre of the ring, the other two taking each a corner. At a given signal by some one elected to serve as referee, the two start after the one in the centre. The game is to get the rosette off the one's shoulder, but it must be taken by the pursuer from the left side. Two minutes are allowed to each game, unless, of course, the pursuers have been successful in capturing the rosette in less time.

Each one has his turn in taking the centre, and he who retains his rosette is regarded as more skilful than even the one who possibly may have captured two and yet lost his own. It is considered more expert to guard than capture. Relying solely upon the speed of the horse in the game destroys all the pleasure for the spectator, and robs it of its instructive features. The game is a liberal education in horsemanship; the tactics pursued in twisting, turning, and dodging give the boy a firm seat in the saddle, sensitive hands, and judgment to act in emergency. So good, indeed, is it for giving the rider confidence and seat that it is included as necessary in the education of cavalry.

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

The Legislature of Illinois has given for eight weeks past its entire attention to an effort to choose a member of the United States Senate. At the election last fall the Democrats almost succeeded in getting a majority of the Legislature, but they were just short of it. There were 101 Democrats, 100 Republicans, and two Independents, or members of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association. For 153 ballots the vote stood as above. Before the next ballot the Republicans offered to cast the solid vote for one of the independent members; but he scorned the proposition, and announced that he and his colleague should cast their votes on the next ballot for General Palmer, the Democratic aspirant. In the contest just ended General Palmer had an unusual endorsement, as he was regularly nominated for Senator by the State Democratic Convention previous to the election of the Legislature.

General Palmer was born in Kentucky seventy-four years ago. He had no early educational advantages. When fifteen years old he moved with his family to Carlinville, Illinois. In 1840 he was admitted to the bar, having been examined by Stephen A. Douglas and found to be qualified. He was a follower of Douglas for twelve or fifteen years, but separated from him upon the question of permitting slavery in the Territories and new States. He had during that time been a county judge, and several times a member of the State Legislature. In 1856 he was one of the five independent members who induced the Whigs to support Lyman Trumbull for the United States Senate. In that same year Palmer presided over the Republican State Convention, and until 1872 he was a zealous member of that party. He was a friend of Mr. Lincoln, and when the first call for troops was made he volunteered, and was made Colonel of the Fourteenth Illinois. His first military service was with General Fremont's expedition to Springfield, Missouri. In December, 1861, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and put in command of a brigade. Subsequently he served under General John Pope in the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10. In November, 1862, he was in temporary command of a division in General Grant's army. For gallantry and meritorious service at the battle of Stone River he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers on November 26, 1862. He led the Fourteenth Corps in the battle of Chickamauga, and in Sherman's Atlanta campaign still commanded this corps. In September, 1864, he was sent to Louisville to be Military Governor of Kentucky, and he held this position till he resigned in 1866. Palmer's services in the field were very creditable to him, and only a very few volunteers without previous military training did such uniformly good work. As a civilian soldier he stands pretty close to Terry, Logan, and Miles.

When he had resigned from the army he moved to Springfield, Illinois, and resumed the practice of the law. His friends urged him to be a candidate for Senator in 1867, but he made no effort for the place, and John A. Logan was chosen. The next year he was elected Governor of Illinois. In 1872 he refused a renomination, and said that he did so because he was not in sympathy with the movement to make General Grant a candidate for a second term. Grant, however, was nominated, and Palmer supported Greeley. With Senator Lyman Trumbull, General Palmer made an active canvass in Greeley's favor. Both of these men have since acted with the Democratic party. In politics General Palmer has always been honest and consistent, and there is much confidence in his State in the soundness of his character and the independence and vigor of his judgment. His election at this time and the manner of it is in gratifying contrast to the spectacle in California, where the vacancy in the Senate caused by Mr. Hearst's death is unblushingly announced to be up at public auction, and to be awarded to him who will pay the highest price for the place.

BENJAMIN HENRY PADDOCK, S.T.D.

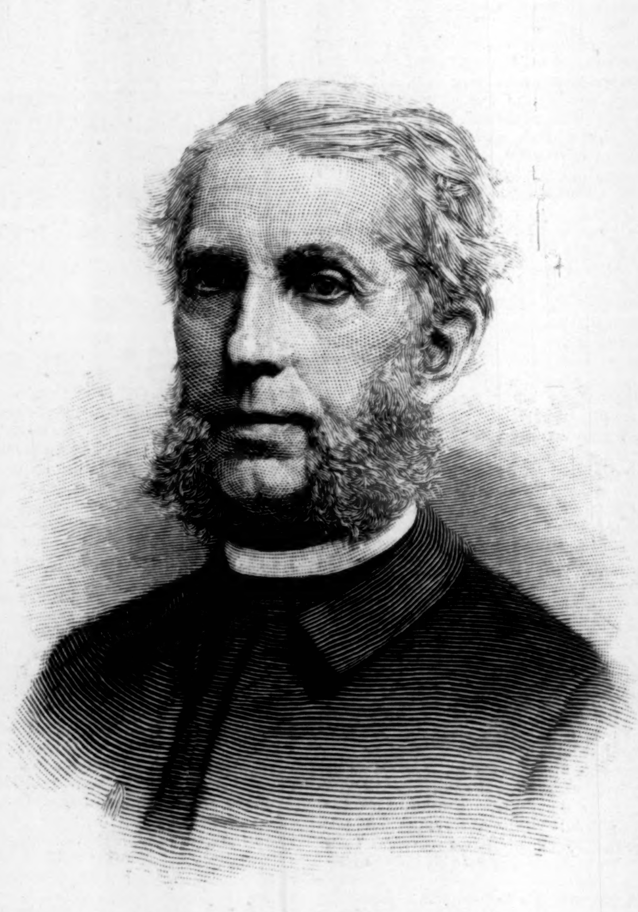
Benjamin Henry Paddock, Bishop of Massachusetts, who died at the episcopal residence, Boston, on the 9th inst., was born in Norwich, Connecticut, February 29, 1828. He was the son of the Rev. Seth Birdsey Paddock, many years rector of Trinity Church in that city. He received his early education in private schools, and entering Trinity College, Hartford, in 1844, was graduated in 1848. After teaching one year in the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire, Connecticut, he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York, and, following his graduation in 1852, became deacon of the parish of the Epiphany in this city. In the spring of 1853 he accepted an invitation to St. Luke's Church, Portland, Maine, and soon after succeeded his father as rector of Trinity Church, Norwich, where he remained until 1860, when he became rector of Christ Church, Detroit, Michigan. In 1868 he was nominated Missionary Bishop of Oregon and Washington Territories, but declined. Accepting in 1869 the call to become rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, within the walls of whose edifice, on September 17, 1873, he was consecrated to the episcopate in the presence of a distinguished gathering of clergy and laity, having four months previously accepted an election by the clergy of Massachusetts to the bishopric of that diocese.

His abilities first attracted notice in the controversy he held with the Rev. Dr. James De Koven at the General Convention in Baltimore, in 1871. The latter was the defender of the ritualistic tendency then nascent in this country, and advocated a closer accord of the Church with "Catholic" ideas. The discussion turned mainly on the doctrine of the eucharist, Dr. De Koven representing the side of the so-called "Catholic party," while Dr. Paddock strongly urged the necessity of repressive legislation, and presented the eloquent and succinct *résumé* of the growth of canonical burdens, by which he won reputation as a historical thinker and controversial leader.

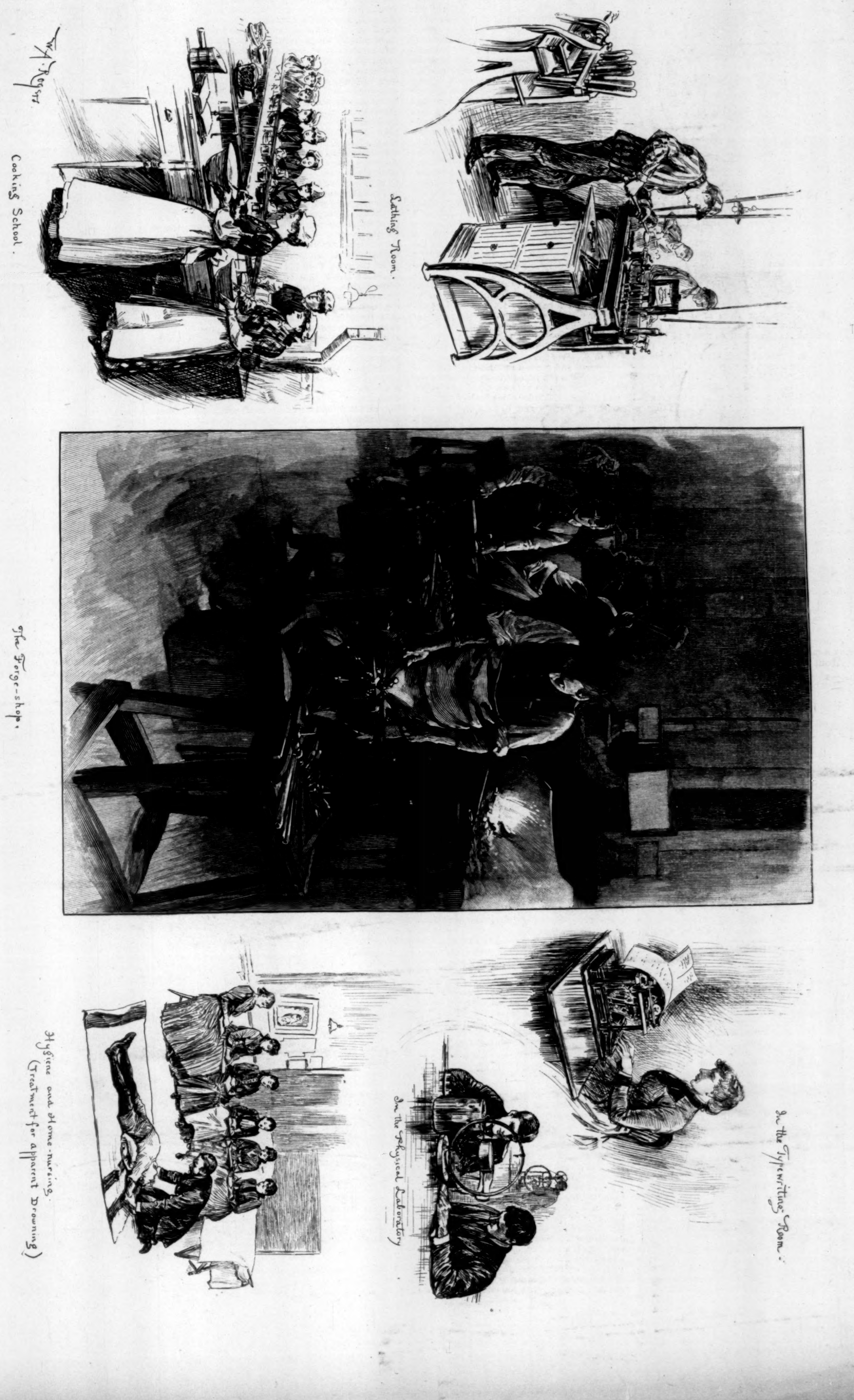
His election as the successor of Bishop Manton Eastburn was effected in the spirit of compromise. Bishop Eastburn was a pronounced Low-Churchman, and the High-Church party had become restive under his repressive rulings. When the Convention met, the candidate of the Low-Churchmen was Dr. Alexander Vinton, the High-Churchmen preferring Dr. Morgan Dix or the Rev. Dr. Height. Dr. Height was elected, but he declined on the ground of ill health. Another Convention was therefore necessary, when Dr. De Koven and Dr. Vinton were the candidates of the respective parties. Finding it impossible to elect either, Dr. Paddock was at length chosen, his moderate conservatism and high personal qualities commending him to the majority.

On assuming his office he devoted himself with great industry and the consecration of his remarkable talent as an administrator to the work of his diocese, and so successfully that he lived to see divisions disappear and the representative men of High, Low, and Broad proclivities abandon rivalries and change, if not their views, their manner of expressing them.

Too ardently devoted to work to enter what is called "society," Bishop Paddock was nevertheless exceedingly social, and hence was beloved by all classes, being generally spoken of as "the good bishop." While not regarded as a brilliant man or a profound scholar, his marked success is an illustration of what respectable abilities united to high personal character will accomplish. He wrote much for Church periodicals, and was the author of several volumes.



THE RIGHT REV. B. H. PADDOCK, S.T.D., BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.



THE PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—THE PUPILS AT WORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 214.]

THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

Mr. Charles Pratt, merchant and manufacturer of various and extensive business interests, whose home is in Brooklyn, New York, while amassing his large wealth, proves to have been a diligent and intelligent student of the needs of the industrial classes. In common with most observers in the field of industrial effort, he saw that the superficiality of the average American handicraftsman places him at a disadvantage with his well-trained competitor from abroad, and that here, as elsewhere, society at large suffers from the misplacement of many of its individual members. Mr. Pratt differed from other observers of these evils in the possession of the means, courage, and ability necessary to attempt this remedy. His plans took years to mature, and throughout those years he maintained close secrecy as to his eventual purpose while collecting data and information from widely separated and various sources. When on July 1, 1885, excavations for a large building were begun on Ryerson Street, Brooklyn, on the block between De Kalb and Willoughby avenues, people in the neighborhood were anxious to ascertain the purpose to which it was to be put. But the men employed did not know, and as the walls arose, and story was added to story, no one could gain other information than that the structure was to be used for manufactures. It was completed in the spring of 1887; and on May 19th of that year a charter was obtained by which it became the Pratt Institute, a school of manual and industrial superadded to literary and scientific education. It was from the outset liberally endowed by its founder, and at once attracted numbers of students chiefly from the classes for whom it was designed.

The buildings then and subsequently erected, although large and commodious, are evidently but the beginning of a series of contiguous structures to be placed on ample tracts of land already purchased, as rapidly as increase of students and the aims of the founder demand the expansion of facilities. The main building is 100 by 86 feet, and six stories high. The Mechanics' Arts Building, and an extension to the main building, is 144 by 95 feet—the former four and the latter five stories in height. The one-story Trade School Building is 103 by 95 feet. The architecture is plain and substantial, and the interior appointments have an air of quiet elegance and solidity. At right angles to the main structure on Ryerson Street a new edifice is to be built immediately. The plot it will occupy measures 160 by 175 feet. It has been designed for the more distinctively public uses of the Institute. The ground-floor will contain an auditorium to seat 1200 persons, and a smaller lecture hall to accommodate 400. The second floor will be occupied by the library, the third by the scientific and art museum, and a rear wing will serve as a spacious banqueting hall. The architecture is to be in the main Norman, with Doric suggestions.

The end the Institute aims to secure is the symmetrical development, moral, mental, and physical, of its pupils. Mind, heart, eye, and hand, it is contended, should receive co-ordinate and equally careful training. The founder appears to have been one of the first in this country to adopt the rapidly growing belief that the value of intelligent handicraft and skilled labor entitles them to like dignity with the liberal pursuits. But to thus elevate them, training in the manual arts must be accompanied by liberal education, of which, in turn, it will become an important factor. While improving the physical powers, it quickens perception, and gives alertness in the acquisition of general knowledge. To round the harmony of its instruction, the Institute also endeavors to inculcate habits of thrift, and seeks to develop self-reliance, and impress upon the pupil the supreme importance of personal character. Its facilities are for all who wish to engage in mechanical, commercial, and artistic pursuits, and for such as desire to perfect themselves in the theoretic and practical details of the occupations in which they are engaged. It proposes to "aid those who are willing to aid themselves"; and while tuition fees are required, it is sought, "by some means consistent with self-helpfulness and self-respect," to make possible the admission of every worthy applicant.

At present over three thousand pupils are availing themselves of the advantages in the various departments into which the Institute is divided. Each of these departments has its head, and together the department heads constitute the faculty. They are presided over *ex officio* by the secretary, which office, it is interesting to know, is now held by Mr. Frederick B. Pratt, a son of the founder, a graduate of Amherst, and a young gentleman of ability, who has dedicated his life to benefiting his fellows by execution of his father's plans. The instructors and their assistants number ninety-one. Morning, afternoon, and evening classes are held in most of the departments, and provision is made for partial courses afternoons and evenings in behalf of those whose employments limit their opportunities. Applicants must be fourteen years of age, and the sexes are admitted on equal footing to all privileges they may enjoy in common. Certificates are given to students who complete a full course in any of the departments, after satisfactory examination, and special certificates to those completing courses in evening work.

The Technical High-school Department combines with such instruction as is given in the high-school or academy systematic courses in drawing and various forms of manual work. Its system conforms to the radical idea of the "new education" in attempting to develop all the powers symmetrically, instead of endeavoring to train a single set of faculties merely. It gives special heed, therefore, to the cultivation of the perceptive and imitative powers. Its scope being preparatory, it does not aim to fit the pupil for a particular occupation in distinction from all others, but to so comprehensively discipline his faculties as to enable him the better to discover his aptitudes, and afford him the broad and general ground-work essential to success in the pursuit he may elect to follow. The course extends over three years, and embraces, besides the usual literary and scientific studies and drawing, in the first year, for boys, bench work in wood, wood-turning, pattern-making, principles of moulding; for girls, sewing, hygiene and home nursing, wood-carving. In the second year the students are admitted to laboratory practice; elocution and vocal music are taught; boys take mechanical drawing, foundry moulding, forging, tinsmithing; girls, optional work in any of the art courses, millinery, dress-making, and wood-carving. In the Senior year, continuing the arts and scientific course, the boys have instruction in advanced mechanical drawing and problems of construction, bench work in the machine-shop, mechanic tool work and construction; and the girls have, added to advanced studies, higher grades of manual work and instruction in cooking.

The proficiency attained by pupils in the manual arts is very gratifying, some of their work, as designs for carpets and wall-papers, having been adopted by manufacturers. The utmost thoroughness is required of them in all details, and their silent application as they pursue their work—the boys in the forging or lathing room, and the girls in the millinery and dress-making departments—is interesting evidence of their absorption in it. Class exhibits, showing the progress made by the young artisans, from the crude performance of the beginner to the well-finished product of the graduate, are among the attractive features of the Institute.

Fifteen studios and rooms have been assigned to the Art Department. Seven are occupied by classes in architectural and mechanical drawing, wood-carving, water-color, design and art needle-work; four, with north light, are used by the elementary classes for light and shade drawing and for clay modelling; and a large Art Hall on the upper floor, lighted from the roof, is arranged for advanced work from the antique and from life. The department is supplied with casts of ornament and the antique; a number of sketches by the old masters; original drawings, for illustration, by modern artists; a comprehensive series of chronologically arranged photographs, illustrating the historical development of art; photographs illustrating landscape composition, and all necessary designs and charts for class use. The school is for those who desire to pursue, thoroughly and systematically, any branch or division of art work, and its courses of study are arranged for pupils who can give to the work five days each week, for those who can give but two or three afternoons, and for those who can afford but three evenings. Art needle-work is an especially attractive branch of this department. The course therein includes free-hand drawing and work that illustrates the principles of design. The instruction also aims to cultivate artistic feeling and judgment in home decoration.

The Department of Domestic Science is as thorough in its work as it is admirable in its purpose, which is "to afford girls and women opportunity for such training as will best supplement the education usually gained in their school life, and better prepare them to make home-keeping the high art that it should be;" hence courses in cooking, household economy, laundry work, hygiene and home nursing, plain sewing, millinery, and dress-making. Order, accuracy, economy, logical sequence, are the desiderata in this department, and the methods those that exhibit the artistic and scientific principles underlying all good work. Three kitchens on the top floor are provided with tables and utensils for the use of pupils. Their closets are stored with articles of table service, and coal and gas stoves ingeniously arranged enable the pupils to set to work without delay. Each class has one lesson of two hours' duration weekly. At every lesson the instructor gives a brief talk on the chemical and nutritive properties of the materials being used, and upon the changes produced by cooking. At intervals a practical butcher demonstrates before the class the method of cutting sides of beef, mutton, and pork.

A normal course in this department is established for the training of teachers in cooking. Among its present members are several young ladies belonging to families of social prominence, whom good sense and not necessity prompts to become good housekeepers.

In the Department of Commerce, phonography, type-writing, English, book-keeping, and business etiquette, comprise the present course, soon to be extended to embrace mathematics, commercial law, geography, and one or more modern languages.

The Department of Mechanic Arts is equipped with shops and laboratories, and the necessary machines and implements for practical instruction. The instructor in each branch executes the lesson before the class. He explains methods and principles and exhibits them in practical application. Each pupil then takes up the work, and receives necessary advice and correction as he proceeds with it. Each is supplied with a complete outfit of tools. The practical value of the instruction is evidenced by the fact that of forty-eight 9″ speed lathes now in the turning-room, twenty-four were built in the institute.

The Trade School, in which are taught carpentry, blacksmithing, chipping and filing, bricklaying, plastering, stone-carving, stone-cutting, and house and fresco painting, does not pretend to turn out journeymen mechanics, but to afford a training that further practice in actual work will perfect. Frequent lectures are given on materials and methods, and all details of the work are so scientifically adjusted as to make progress rapid. The school exhibits some highly creditable specimens of the handicraft of its pupils. Those in carpentry and fresco painting are specially noteworthy. Learners in the latter branch are required to draw and color designs in the Art Department, and to apply them in fresco to the plastered wall. Householders may experience revival of an almost extinct hope at being told that the branch of scientific plumbing secures the most pupils in this department.

The Department of Science and Technology gives special attention to electrical construction, instruction in which is given by means of lectures and laboratory practice.

A meritorious work of the Institute is the preparation of women for the broader fields of activity that have opened to their sex. The "new education" in millinery and dress-making, in which the eye is trained by drawing, and the hand by practical work, promises a higher grade of service in these branches. More important still are the improvements in home-life the Institute is striving to effect. In the Department of Hygiene and Home nursing women are taught to care for illness or accident, to perform the duties of a nurse, to apply bandages and splints, lift helpless patients, produce artificial respiration, and prepare and apply poultices. Students of this department who were on a train to which an accident happened in one of the New England States last summer were indebted to their training for ability to render valuable aid to the injured.

The Technical Museum has a large collection, admirably arranged to illustrate all the processes which end in the production of artistic as well as useful objects.

The Free Library contains 22,000 volumes, among which is to be found the best literature on the subjects included in the curriculum of the Institute. The membership is now over 11,000, and the books circulated in 1889 numbered 91,043.

An adjunct enterprise of the founder that it may be hoped will become popular is "The Thrift," an association to promote habits of economy, and to help all, especially the young, to save and wisely use their money by depositing it at interest until a fund is accumulated for buying a home or starting in business. That savings may be made in small sums and without too frequent visits to the Institute, it is proposed to issue from this department stamps of the denomination of ten cents and upward, redeemable on presentation. These stamps will be procurable of agents throughout New York and Brooklyn. They are to be pasted on a card that will be furnished to the purchaser; and when the card is presented to the Thrift, the amount it represents in stamps will be placed to his credit, and thenceforth draw interest.

Such, in brief, is the novel and comprehensive system of education that obtains at the Pratt Institute—a system whose principles the founder has illustrated with such philanthropy and munificence that his modest commendation of them to his countrymen will be received with attention and respect.

S. Giffard Nelson.

TWO BARDS.

A bard who wrote in staves
 Once made a heathen hymn.
  It had this stern refrain,
   That moved as though in pain,
"The under-thought of graves
 Makes the sea grim."

A south-land singer sung
 With happy heart and free;
  The living, not the dead,
   He dealt with, and he said,
"The world is glad and young,
 And good to me."

And ever since mankind
 Is shuttled back and forth
  Between these singers twain
   Of glad and sad refrain:
The south-land warm and kind,
 The bitter north.

Richard E. Burton.

Daily Paper. "The guest of the evening sat on the chairman's right hand."

AMATEUR SPORT

THE PROPOSED NEW GAME LAWS that have been submitted to the New York State Legislature by the Codification Committee show at least the result of earnest effort. There can be little doubt that the members of the committee have labored with a clear understanding of the importance and need of the revision, and it is a trifle strange, therefore, that some of the simpler questions failed to command their attention. The provisions in regard to deer prohibit the killing of does and fawns, restrict the killing to two bucks per individual, shorten the hounding season, and forbid the shipping of game unless accompanied by the sportsman. It seems too bad that the hounding of deer could not have been entirely banished, and it becomes the more harrowing to be obliged to confess that the miserable sportsmanship of some of us is the excuse for its continued recognition. The reason given for not abolishing it is that the majority of men that frequent the Adirondacks are not sufficiently expert to still hunt. Consequently we must have the laws arranged so these tyros may have their hounds and their guides and their beaters to bring the animal up to the very muzzles of their rifles that they may carry home great tales of prowess and exciting sport. Sport indeed! Were these valiant butchers dependent on their own efforts or skill, they would never get a deer; hence they would not go to the Adirondacks; therefore the hotels would suffer. And of course the hotels must be supported, cost what it may.

THUS IT COMES TO PASS that because a few Anglomaniacs consider it quite the proper thing to visit the North Woods every season with their retinue of henchmen, run the deer all over the country, and slaughter them in the water, we must fashion the State laws to their liking and that of mine host, the hotel-keeper. It doesn't seem to occur to our improvident and obliging legislators that it might be as well for the future game prospects of the Adirondack district, to say nothing of redeeming our reputation as sportsmen, to educate, by the enforcement of proper laws, the gentle urban hunter on the subject of which he now evinces woful ignorance; to teach him that it is much more sportsman-like to hunt his game than to have it driven into the water, where he may at his leisure whack it over the head with a club, or have it brought up to within easy and certain killing distance. It is in the pursuit of game that we obtain our sport; the mere killing is simply the necessary finale that gives the hunter the reward for his skill, patience, and endurance. Sportsmen will spend several days on a trail, and enjoy every hour. The friends of mine host go out for the mere purpose of killing something, a sanguinary disposition, which might be as well satisfied in the hotel barn-yard by a hog killing, with all its gory accompaniment. Still hunting is sport, and men that have any pretensions to being considered sportsmen will not hunt otherwise. Suppose you don't get a deer so often; what are you out for, meat or recreation?

PROHIBITING THE KILLING of does and fawns, if enforced rigidly, will work great good in the North Woods. Combined with the excellent influence exerted by the several Adirondack clubs, it will go a long way toward counteracting the evils the short-sighted legislators have left us. It is astonishing what an amount of good these powerful sportsmen's clubs have done, not only directly in their immediate vicinity, but indirectly by setting a worthy example. A great deal is said and written against the establishment of them, but it invariably comes from the superficially informed. There is no doubt but that they are the salvation of the country's sport. As a very large proportion of mankind are honest merely from fear of the law, so probably 75 per cent. of the hunters will transgress the laws and ethics of sportsmen without compunction. These clubs, formed with the avowed purpose of protection, educate their members on the proper lines, and dread of detection, if no better sentiment, keeps them on the right track. It is pleasing to add that the Adirondack Club has always prohibited the killing of does.

THE CODIFICATION COMMITTEE has studied well the lesson of the past ducking season, or else been wisely advised. Its recommendations to abolish spring duck shooting will be welcomed by every sportsman in the land. A few more seasons like those of the past year or two, and our ducks will go the way of the pigeons.

AFTER DISPLAYING SUCH GOOD SENSE in some of the recommendations, the proposed law making different opening days for the various kinds of upland game seems doubly absurd. When the average man goes afield he is pretty sure to shoot at whatever he sees, whether in or out of season, and it is impossible to provide against such a contingency, notwithstanding the new law prohibits shipping of game birds out of the county in which they are killed, unless accompanied by the owner. It would require as many game wardens as there were inhabitants in the county. The law of this State and of those adjoining should make October 1st the beginning of the open season for all upland game. No man would then have an excuse to be out before another, or an opportunity to kill hare while ostensibly seeking squirrels, or grouse while hunting hare. It would likewise be a mistake to change the present season for trout fishing in the Adirondacks, by adding two weeks in April, and cutting them off in September. Trout are rarely taken on the fly during August, in the North Woods, while the sport is generally excellent in the first two weeks of September, and has been one of the chief attractions to visitors during that pleasant part of the season. Trout seldom spawn before October, and the rivers are filled with ice in April. If this alteration is made, it will surely tempt people to transgression or drive anglers into Canada and Maine. It will furthermore emphasize the folly of empowering sporting politicians rather than sportsmen to frame sporting laws.

IF THE FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS held annually under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union serve no other purpose, they unquestionably accentuate the lack of skilled entries and the crude conception of a sport that under proper tutelage should become an exact science. Where do the majority of these men acquire the gymnastical prodding which they are pleased to denominate fencing? How is it we see so many curious styles of fencing? The chief reason is the same one that applies equally to boxing—that wrong ideas and principles are inculcated in the beginning. Isn't it getting about time that instruction in the various branches of sport was under the supervision of some convention that would be governed by the best-defined rules and methods? For instance, here in New York we have about a half-dozen reputable fencing instructors—French, German, and Italian. Each of these considers his method the one *par excellence;* each one shrugs his shoulders compassionately for the pupils of the other, while all loathe one another to a degree that is as lasting as it is combustible. To suggest a meeting of these and other instructors would be novel indeed, and yet it must come eventually. There is, to be sure, a wide difference between learning one's A B C's and receiving instruction in the art of fencing, and yet the governing principle in each instance is the same.

THERE MUST COME A TIME, and that before many years, when both boxing and fencing will receive more serious attention than they do now. It is only a few years ago that physical culture, so far as its recognition, was an unknown quantity. Gymnasium work used to be left to the discretion, or rather indiscretion, of the untutored boy. Level heads and wise counsel have prevailed, however, in recent years, and the order of things is changed. Nowadays the boy goes into the gymnasium with an understanding of what he is there for; he knows the difference in the machines and the effect upon his muscles, and is continuously under the watchful eye of a skilled instructor. These instructors are members of an association which holds an annual convention for the purpose of discussing work, methods, etc. Just as the necessity for such supervision has finally become recognized in this quarter, so will it be in fencing, and later in boxing. We are young in these sports yet, and the American spirit to "get there," regardless of expense, seems to be uppermost. The fact that the undesirable element which monopolizes public boxing has no foothold in fencing makes its prospects the more hopeful. Success in fencing depends upon trained skill; there is no opportunity for spilling gore, hence it does not appeal to the O'Hoolihans *et al.*

WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, the contestants in the championships on the 7th inst. seemed utterly unaware of the fact that skill is a prime requisite in fencing. The one idea apparent was to touch the opponent, no matter how, and the result was an awkward display of ignorance. The exceptions to this rule had little difficulty in disposing of their opponents. There is absolutely no game where impetuous strength and ignorance are at the mercy of judgment and skill more than in fencing, and the man who fails to appreciate this will find himself running on to the foil of his cool adversary time and again. One would think that a little experience should teach a fencer the handicap of a lowered guard, so much as to lose the distance of the forearm in reach, and a crouching position, but apparently not, for it is to be seen at every tournament, and in many cases by men who have been fencing for years. At the championships this year the display of these was interesting in its way. It showed how much work an active man can do in a bad position, and using practically but one movement. There was no delicate work, no strategy, nothing but pell-mell rushing and jabbing. The sabre contests were less skilful than those with the foil, and the spectators were treated to an exhibition of the same spirit that dominates the A. A. U. sluggers—brute strength and awkwardness. One or two of the men, indeed, appeared determined to cut their opponents in twain.

IT IS SAFE TO SAY that should the Hurlingham Polo Team come over here this season, it would have by no means the walk over of its last visit in '86. Not that I intend to convey the impression of a visit being in contemplation, but to call attention to the great improvement made in our play. The general progress of the game has been considerable, and probably the most encouraging sign is the interest evinced by sportsmen other than those of the Hunt Clubs. Polo has been greatly handicapped in its popular growth by being regarded as a game for the chosen few only, but that idea has been giving way during the past one or two seasons to a thorough appreciation of the genuine sport to be had. This was especially noticeable last season when there were more young players mounted than in any two years preceding, and an increase in entries from July to August of seventy. Indeed such was the interest shown during the Newport week that thirty players were in town, while the stables held about one hundred and twenty ponies. There was also last year a decided improvement in the form of the ponies, which means a great deal in the success of the game. With the exception of the veterans, too little heed has been given to the training of the pony, and it is not unusual in a match for some player's time to be so entirely absorbed by the management of his mount that his service to his team is of little efficiency. A pony that is continually fighting for his head is an abomination to his rider and to every one on his side.

FOR THIS YEAR the prospects of good polo are so encouraging that a long and brilliant season is counted upon. The Polo Association held its first meeting on the 10th inst., with every club but Harvard represented, and arranged for the following dates: Morristown Club, May 25th to 30th; Meadow Brook, June 8th to 13th; Westchester, June 15th to 20th; Essex, June 22d to 29th; Rockaway, July 1st to 10th; Oyster Bay, July 13th to 18th; Newport, August 17th to 29th; Myopia, Massachusetts, September 2d to 12th; Hingham, Massachusetts, September 14th to 19th; Philadelphia, September 21st to 25th. There is considerable talk of several other clubs being formed in the early season, and application made to the Association, but nothing tangible has thus far developed. The Harvard Club has not been heard from, but considering the very good showing it made last season at Newport, it is pretty sure to put in a claim for a date later. The Association cups, which represent the championship, will be played for during the Rockaway Club series at Cedarhurst, Long Island. The Country Club at Westchester will be the scene of the contest for the Herbert trophies. The Governor's Challenge Cup will be played for at Orange during the Essex week, and the Meadow Brook Autumn Cup on Long Island on a date to be chosen later.

MR. FOXHALL KEENE, who is abroad enjoying some of the best sport furnished by English hounds, has sent no word thus far as to the probability of any English players coming over this year. Before he sails he will probably discuss the matter with the polo men, and the chances are fair that some of them may come over as guests of the Association. Under no circumstances will the men that come over be regarded as a "representative" team, nor the games played as international matches. It is the desire to encourage and strengthen the American game rather than decide a national championship that is more or less of a foregone conclusion. The Association is making a great effort to impress upon players the importance of team play. Brilliant individual work is useful, but incidental. Last year great advancement was shown in this particular, but there yet remains much to learn. Considerable time and patience have always been lost by the frequent knocking of the ball out of the lines; to avoid a recurrence the following rule has been formulated: "Whenever any player, either accidentally or intentionally, knocks the ball behind the line at the end at which the goal defended by his side is situated, it shall be deemed a safety knock-out, and shall score one-fourth of a goal against such player's side." This somewhat corresponds to the safety touch-down of foot-ball, and will have a tendency to make play more skilful.

TO THOSE WHO WERE the college foot-ball players of a half-dozen years ago, nothing since the death of William Manning has come with so sudden a shock as the announcement of the drowning of Henry C. Lamar, Princeton '85. Quiet but popular, he was a favorite with not only the men of his own college, but those of rival universities. Entirely unassuming, yet combining all those qualities that go to make up sterling manhood, he deserved the compliments so often bestowed, and the name he has left at Princeton is such that the best may envy. As I look at the picture I have of him leaning against that old cannon dear to the heart of every Princetonian, I recall him as he was upon the day of the Yale-Princeton match at New Haven when he made the run which has become the phenomenal one of foot-ball annals. Lamar was a half back on DeCamp's team, and notwithstanding many attempts, had been unable to make any gains against the Yale forwards led by Captain Peters. The Yale men had scored a goal from the field, and the time limit of the second half was almost reached. No one thought it possible for Princeton to retrieve her fortunes.

HENRY C. LAMAR, PRINCETON, '85.

THE BALL WAS NOT FAR from the side line, and a trifle in Princeton's territory, when Watkinson, the Yale half back, was called upon for a kick. He punted well down inside Princeton's twenty-five-yard line, and Toler advanced to take the ball. It bounded from him, and Lamar, coming forward to assist Toler, gathered it in his arms, and was off, like a deer, down the field. The story of his run has been told and retold until every boy in the country knows how he sped over the white lines, outstripping the despairing Yalesians, and finally placing the ball behind the goal posts, securing for Princeton a touch-down, which was easily converted into a goal and victory. How often Lamar must have lived over those few moments in the praises of his friends one can imagine, but the days of practice, the running and dodging which made him equal to the emergency, can be appreciated only by those who have themselves been players. Watkinson, who kicked the ball, has also joined the silent majority, and Manning, one of Harvard's most brilliant players, was killed in a railroad accident only a year ago. Such men are missed by more than their own circle of friends; they make the gaps in the ranks which none can fill, and there are those of us who will not look upon the gridiron field for many a year to come without tender recollections of the dear boys that have gone before us.

THE IN-DOOR AMATEUR BASE-BALL season has finally run the length of its weary course. Peace be unto its ashes. There are no regrets heard for its demise except those that come from the companies of the Seventh Regiment which furnished gas and base-balls. Possibly the umpire, also, whose decisions have been seriously questioned, may relinquish his task with some regret at having been betrayed into the game, and a deep-seated determination to not again fall a victim to the blandishments of the National Guard athletic managers. In justice to this much-abused official, it is well to remind the disgruntled players who have condemned his decisions, that they have failed to hit the ball or get under a fly. The illumination has been so inadequate that players and spectators alike have been unable to follow the ball. Only one game in the series of fifteen drew a paying house, and that was probably due to the following of a New Jersey battery that made somewhat of a reputation last season. There will certainly be no in-door base-ball at the Seventh Regiment Armory next season, unless electricity is used for lighting. There is a strong possibility that no ball will be played even under such improved conditions. We don't want in-door ball; it affords neither sport nor instruction. It is an out-door game first and always, and has no place on the winter programme. Moreover, it adds one more to the many inducements already used to enlist the services of athletes. Of the number of athletes that joined the National Guard this winter how many were actuated *pro gloria et patria?*

IT IS NOT KNOWN generally that Charles Psotta, the amateur oarsman of Philadelphia, has sailed for Europe. Whether he will make another attempt for the Diamond Sculls is doubtful, as his health has not been very good for some time, necessitating the attention of a physician pretty steadily. Mr. Psotta has rather given the impression that he intends taking up a permanent residence in Paris for the purpose of perfecting his artistic studies, but he probably does not really know whether he will represent the United States on the Thames this year or not. If he shortly pulls himself together and feels strong enough to train, he will very likely make another attempt for the trophy for which he has already been defeated at least twice. It would be wise in Mr. Psotta to get himself keyed up to the proper pitch before again risking his club's emblem on English waters. The general impression seems to be that both the Englishmen, Nickalls and Gardiner, are too much for him, but that he would have a fair chance of winning with Kennedy as an opponent. From a somewhat careful review of Mr. Psotta's work, I am inclined to believe that he is one of those whose temperaments

are not in sympathy with competitive sport; that he is not a racer, and is unable to make his best effort under such circumstances. Moreover, he doesn't carry enough beef on his ribs to last him through a hard pull. It is interesting to note that Lee, the professional, who trained him last year, disappeared from Philadelphia at about the time Mr. Psotta sailed for Europe two weeks ago.

At last after several years of costly and unsuccessful experimenting, much agitation, and the creation of no small amount of ill-feeling, the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy has decided to dispense with the distinction heretofore exercised between members and associate members. That the club should have shown prosperity under so ridiculous an arrangement speaks well for the officials that have guided its course. It seems a curious matter that an organization of 1800 members, two-thirds of whom had absolutely no voice in the legislation of their own interests, though they paid equal dues with the others, should have been able to hold together. Hereafter the club will follow the precise rulings of others, and allow members equal rights. That its future is greatly brightened by the change goes without the saying.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"Begorra, Tim! phwin I gets to be a Alderman, it's a resolution I shall introjuce ter hev the straits car-ar-pitid on Sint Pathrick's day."

THE MEDICAL CORPS IN THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

In all that has been written about the campaign of 1890–1 little or nothing has been said of the medical corps. Yet it acted an indispensable part, and on the march, in camp, or in battle was ever present to minister to the ailments of the soldier.

The affair at Wounded Knee, harrowing in detail, frightful to recall, had much to relieve its darker features. The heroism and devotion to duty of the line have been fully made known, but those of the hospital corps, under its able and energetic chief, were equally marked and deserving of mention.

Many months before the campaign the members of this corps and the troop bearers had been persistently drilled, and in peace had been prepared for war.

"Search for wounded," "first aid to wounded," the methods of "lifting and bearing wounded," had been taught in class-room and practised on the field till they were familiar as A B C's. I was led by curiosity to be present at one of these drills, and by desire of information to attend several others. At the command "Search for wounded," away went the detachments of bearers in different directions, through bushes, woods, and ravines, carrying closed litters, and under direction of members of the corps. Each bearer was furnished with a packet of dressings. In a little while they returned, and every detachment bore on its litter a soldier supposed to be shot. These imaginary wounds were different in each of the dozen cases, and had all been dressed at the spot where the patient was found.

The dressings with improvised splints and compresses of various kinds had been applied by the bearers, who had then placed the soldier on the litter in the position demanded by the peculiarity of his injury. It was observed that much stress was laid both on this point and on the method of "lifting" that had been used. Now followed in each case numerous questions as to the seat, nature, and degree of wound, and the manner of applying splint, bandage, and compress. Most of the answers were prompt, and showed much intelligence and practical knowledge of the subjects considered. Members of the corps as well as the bearers were closely examined. Dr. Glennan was usually present, and afterward proved an invaluable assistant under trying circumstances. He was second in command of his corps on the 29th and 30th of December.

This most important drill was always prearranged and varied from day to day by the able, kind, studious, and hard-working man who as post-surgeon and in two battles has won the love, confidence, gratitude, and admiration of all about him. Nor can the Seventh Cavalry forget the services of the men of lower station but equal zeal and devotion, who under his direction and equipped by his training, assisted in bringing comfort to our wounded and dying at Wounded Knee and the Mission. At the former forty wounds, many of them desperate, were thrust upon their care in thirty minutes. The sufferers were promptly brought off, taken to a schoolhouse, and made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. The zeal of Dr. Hoff and his men is attested not only by the praise and gratitude of the patients, but by facts of sterner nature. For Steward Oscar Pollak gave his life, and the doctor's blouse was perforated and his side bruised by a bullet.

All honor to the medical corps of the army, that gives us such able and skilful servants, and institutes a drill whereby pain is minimized, and chances of life so much increased in battle!

NATURE.

From Nature we have coldly stood aside,
And gone our ways with all-sufficing pride.
Into her quickening soil a seed we sift,
Take the ripe fruit, nor marvel o'er her gift.

She is our own dear mother. She and we
Are one magnificent totality!
Through us Earth wheels self-conscious on
her track.
Our eyes are hers; they glass her glory back.

Through us she sees her charms unfolded far,
Green-waving world and glittering sea and
star;
Through us she sees her still streams glide
in grace,
And looks her blushing flowers in the face.

In man's aspiring soul she yearns and strives,
And through his cunning hand her craft
contrives.
Direct as dawn, or dew, or flower, or flame,
Out of Earth's breast her vast cathedrals
came.

Dost think her silent? Strain the anxious ear
Unto her breast nor any answer hear.
You, I, all, is her speech—the poet's lines,
The player's touch, the dark sea-sounding
pines.

"Even as the wind through Asia's forests
roared,
Not less from rapt Isaiah's tongue she
poured
(Still sounding like a sea-time's shores along)
His fiery and forever living song."

All sounds are hers—the viol's ponderous
pain,
The patter of the million-footed rain.
Through reed and roaring brass her breath
is blown;
The organ's monster music is her own.

Along Beethoven's sea of soul did ride
Her splendid waves of passion and of pride.
She brought forth Dante's hell-deep, heaven-
high rhyme
To cheer her as she lonesome swept sublime.

Howard Hall.

A. G. MILLS.

To-day the old Amateur Athletic Union shuffles off this mortal coil of athletic strife, and the reorganized association, of which Mr. Mills is the author, begins a life, let us hope, of usefulness. Although the period of Mr. Mills's activity in amateur athletics does not extend over more than three years, his influence in the cause has been wide-spread and powerful. He stepped into the breach at the time when the Amateur Athletic Union and the defunct National Association of Amateur Athletes of America were in the height of an internecine war, and with rare skill and discretion changed the battle-cry of annihilation to the pastorale of amalgamation. A little later he successfully engineered the affiliation between the Amateur Athletic Union and the North American Turner Bund, and finally crowned his efforts for the furtherance of amateur sport throughout the country by remodelling and improving the governing athletic body. Such men have been few and far between in amateur athletics, and their work therefore stands out the more prominently. Although but recently known in amateur athletics, Mr. Mills is, in fact, a veteran sportsman. He was an active member of the Atlantic Base-ball Club of Jamaica, Long Island, formed in 1856, one year before the inception of the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, that afterward became so famous. As a member of the Second Duryea Zouaves he served three years during the war, where his love for base-ball led him to organize a company nine, and after the war he founded the Olympics in Washington. It was because of this interest and his well-known sage legislation that he was called to the presidency of the National League in '82, and filled the position for two years. It will be news to at least the athletic world to learn that Mr. Mills is a graduate of the Law School of Columbia College at Washington, being admitted to the bar in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia so long ago as '69—an education that has strengthened his natural legislative ability to no small extent. Mr. Mills is a man of marked executive power, which he brings to bear on whatever he undertakes, be it business or sport. He has recently been elected president of the New York Athletic Club.

A RECOMMENDATION.

"Well, Rastus, I hear you have left Mr. Smithers."
"Yas-sir."
"Did he give you a good recommendation?"
"Yas-sir. He dun write it, an' said I wuz de mos' mendacious an' fallible niggah he knowed."

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism, and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic, and languid.—[*Adv.*]

NOVEL TOURS TO THE PACIFIC COAST VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The early spring always attracts the tourist, and of late years many travellers who have neglected their own country for European wanderings have been brought to some sense of realization of the wonders of their own country, and have profited by visiting and informing themselves of it. An ocean voyage has its many disadvantages, which do not attach to the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tours to the Golden Gate. The magnificent Vestibule Pullman Palace Trains are luxuriously equipped and manned by the most efficient crews. The tourists are under the charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, and have at their call for ready service a ladies' maid, a stenographer, and typewriter. The two remaining tours will leave New York, Thursday, March 26th, and Tuesday, April 14th, and the round-trip rates will be $275 and $300 respectively. The later tour will be run via Portland and Tacoma returning. The rate includes Pullman accommodations, meals *en route* going and returning, six side trips, and several carriage rides. For itineraries and space application should be made without delay to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, or to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, or 849 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

Crab-Apple Blossoms, "a perfume that never cloys, but is always fresh." Sold by all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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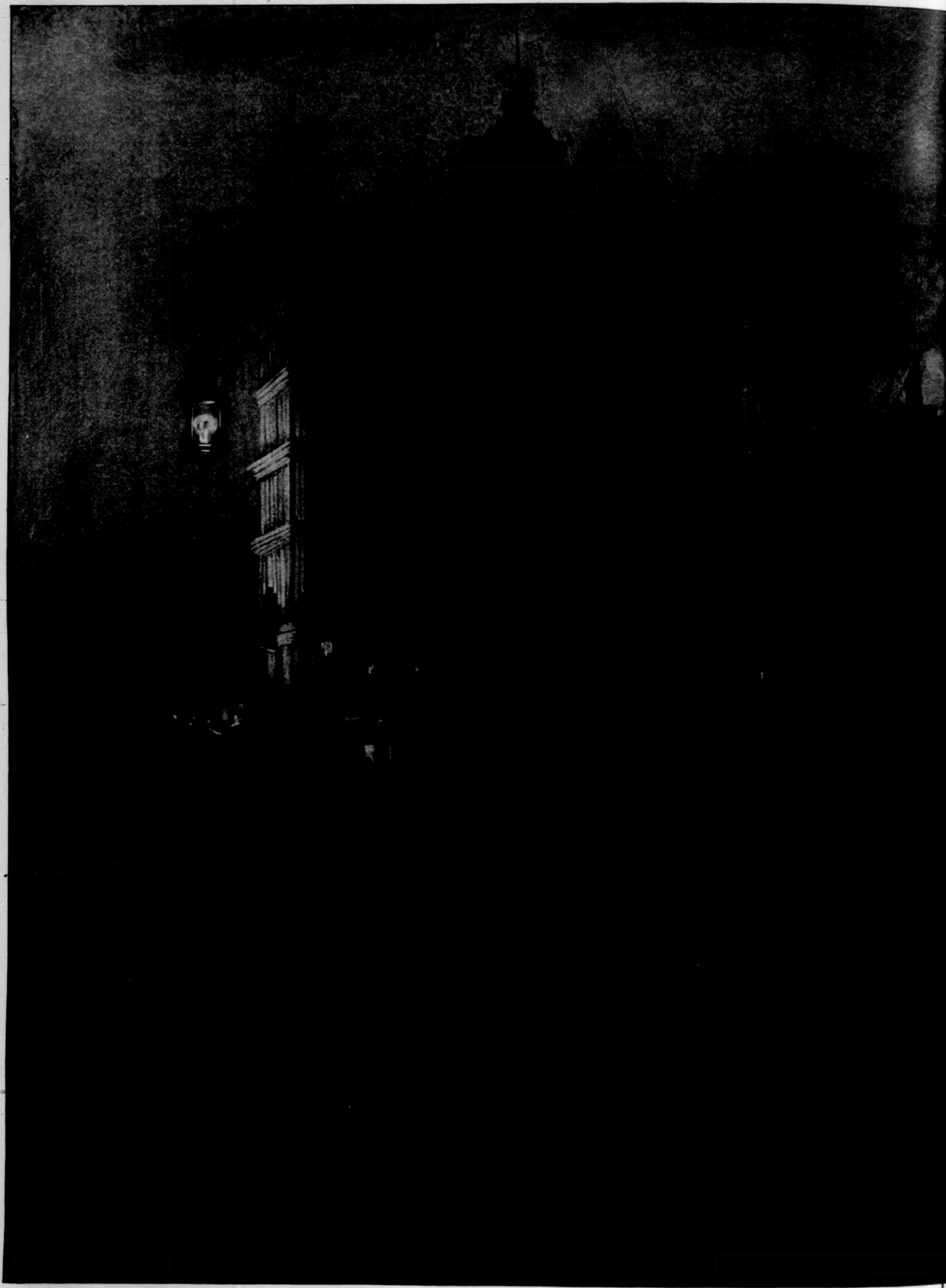

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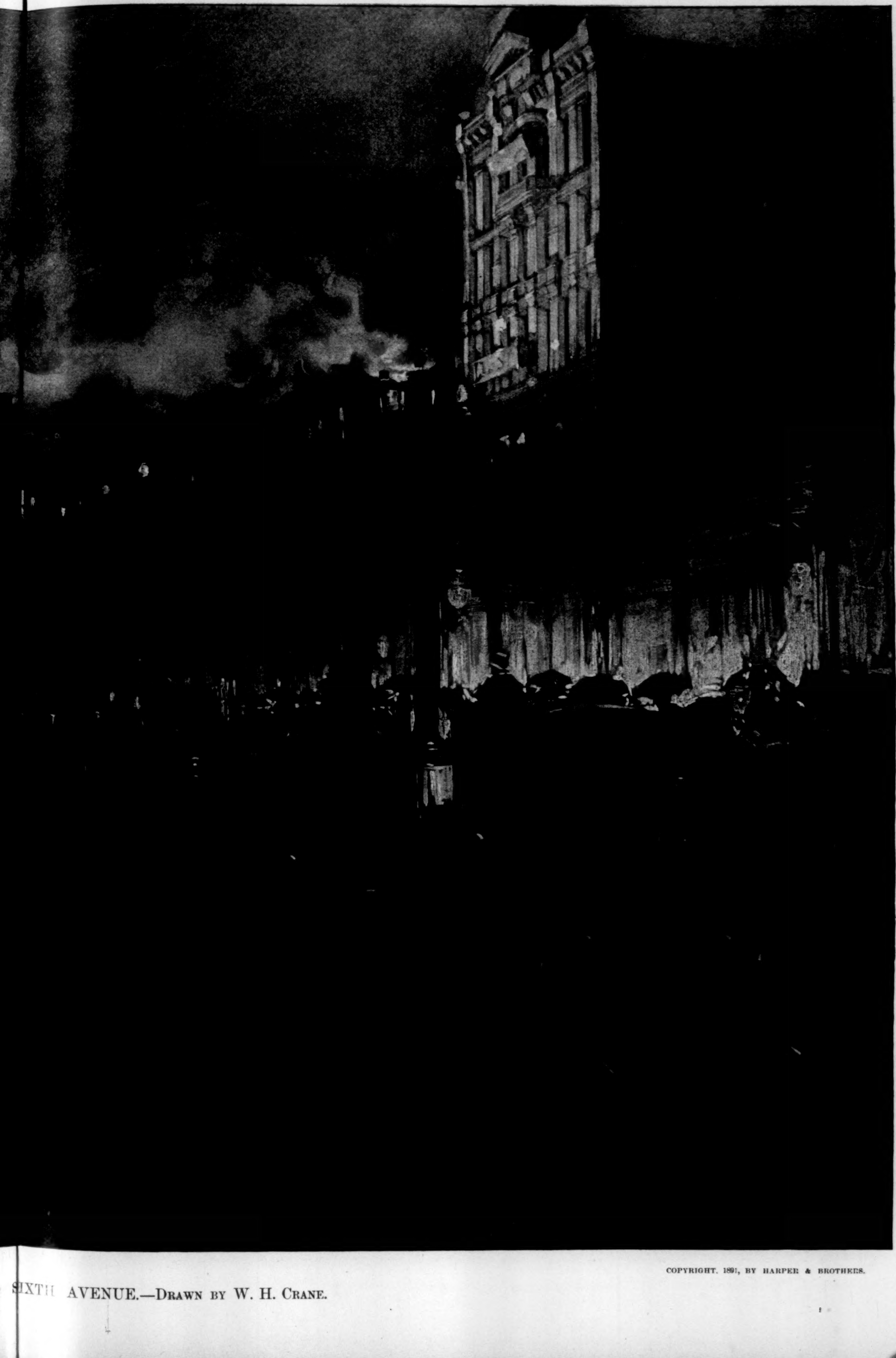

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